Tiny Monstrous H

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Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom, Edmund the OMC Hannibal doppelganger, tiny!Hannibal - Character, Emmie Edgerton/Margot Verger, Mason Verger, Matthew Brown (Hannibal), Bits seemingly like Nigel but not really, ;) - Character, Freddie Lounds (F)
Additional Tags:	Kidnapping, Bondage, Clothed Dom/Naked Sub, BDSM, so much non-consensual drugging and sex it is ridiculous, Somnophilia, Dubious Consent, no consent but kinda only if you squint, because tiny!Hannibal it is harder to see and read his emotions than usual, industrial and toy design, Dollhouses, tiny furnishings, engineering for the greater good of tiny persons, Smut, unabashed and rather imaginative in its realization, No bets we die like cheese, Morning coffee on the back deck, whiskey recommendations in the evenings, Praise Kink, Good Boy, Sir/boi(y) adult BDSM dynamic, Microphilia, Resignation followed by plotting, damage control, conditioned sexual responses, Oh did I forget? This is Hannibal:, Cannibalism-ish, non-consensual asphyxiation, Medical Torture, The Basement (Hannibal), incendiary language and actions, Punishment, oh dear yes, the punishment when boys are bad, alcohol and its consumption and overconsumption, rudeness towards fine whiskey is not allowed in this house William, anal sex of the toy kind, masturbation with frottage, Non-consensual licking, Crying, Non-consensual catheterization, oh the rest of this isn't particularly consensual not at all, torture with miniature log-handling tools, Fear-drenched anticipation, fear of the free press, real BDSM actually has consent!, Unexpected use of a vaginal speculum, evidence -destroying acid baths, Minor use or paraphrase of dialogue from the show, Hoods, Choke Chains, Freddie's stalking (investigative) skills, Hurt/Comfort, Bottom Hannibal
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Tiny Monstrous H

by awalkinthepark

Summary

Will as an unsuspecting house sitter and tiny!Hannibal as a cannibalistic serial killer operating out of a house in a rich neighbourhood in Baltimore. Devouring and chaos engulf tiny!Hannibal's ordered world.

Note: Everyone is younger in this Alternate Universe, although the age differences still apply. Each person is less formed and skilled than you might otherwise expect them to be. Except Hannibal, because he is Hannibal. ;D

{This was inspired by a fan art of a tiny Hannibal biting into and hanging onto the forearm a very surprised regular-sized Will, based on a photograph of the real life shenanigans of the actors from the TV show at a promotional event. Please let me know if you find this fan art! I can't remember where I saw it and would like to give them credit and provide a link, if the artist is willing. Also inspired by these small Will fics,

Friends Come in Many Sizes
by
orphan_account

&

Rondeau
by
luvkurai

And

Liebestraum(Love Dream)
by
DarkmoonSigel

and the link to the antique dollhouse, furniture, and accessories websites found in the comments and notes.}

Chapter 1

He had engaged Will's services as house sitter for the next two weeks, already making ready to have his vehicle discreetly broken into and driven away at night, to be scrapped for parts at the end of the allotted time period. Hannibal's larder was getting low and the hospital arrangement was becoming slightly more touchy as his doppelganger got more involved with Alana Bloom. He would have to dispose of him soon, he thought. It would be no trouble to claim a sudden trip to Europe to deal with relatives, perhaps in the coming weeks, as he had already hired a house sitter. No matter. His practice was already mostly online, with only a few patient consults and assessments done at the local hospital of Hannibal's choice.

Hannibal had already spent the better part of the year modifying the house so that he could use it more easily. He had grown up mostly in the heart of a city in a building that housed a medical school, which had its own morgue, in France. Parts were always available and small pieces of people went missing and were not missed. Things were different in the post-war period and most people were just surprised to still be alive, no matter what side they had been on and why. Even his family had unwittingly eaten human meat, once it was prepared by Hannibal's skilled hands. Those hands also went on to save the lives of a number of tinies, his reputation preceding him for a two-block radius around the building. Since tinies rarely left their apartments, let alone their buildings, it emboldened him all the more with feats of strength, cunning, and fearlessness.

The aunt and uncle who had mostly raised him were also important people in the world of tinies. They had employed a complement of loyal servants in their building, scavenging only the best items and trading for what couldn't be found at home. He was encouraged to pursue medical studies, right along with the giant students. At night, he would haunt the morgue, sketching the dead humans in all their varieties and states of disease and injury. Many had deformities and injuries stemming from the use of weapons and chemicals from the war. Hannibal also studied other disciplines, when he could get books small enough for him to read. His grasp of physics and engineering principles had helped him design the adjustments that allowed him to live and thrive in his specially-equipped house. It pleased him with how things had turned out.

He knew a great deal about medical pharmacy as well, in addition to what he had learnt as a child at this mother's knee at the manor house which they had inhabited back in Denmark. Sedation he learned through trial and error, barely surviving some of those errors, when giants awoke too early while he performed procedures on them. And regretting the ones he lost too soon due to over-medication errors. He could now prescribe and predict the outcome for tinies and humans alike.

And he could wield the detached blade of a scalpel with amazing dexterity. He had equipped the basement with medical supplies and items, and put in a modified jeweller's and watchmaker's workshop as well. He had gained much skill working with metal and wood and small tools, still a challenge for a tiny to handle but his strength and stamina had increased as he used them regularly. Staff at the hospital were the recipients of some of his more recent silver rings and pendants. Alana had been particularly pleased with hers, a stone set in an

open bezel that changed with the light as it passed through it, just like his doppelganger thought it would. Photographs and short videos he had relayed to Hannibal had helped immensely when he had made his choice of stone online. And his full-body, tiny plastic suit of his own devising had helped immensely with the cleanup after he butchered a human or worked on polishing a new silver piece. Jeweller's rouge and blood were equally impossible to remove from tweed.

Chapter 2

It was truly amazing what you could accomplish online these days, especially on the Dark Web. From ordering medications, herbs, and drugs, legal and illegal, to communicating with builders to do renovations, to finding someone to write his medical exams and do in-person hospital work for him enough to secure his US credentials based on his foreign-obtained and well-forged originals, it worked well enough for his needs. He chuckled with how easy it had been to take over this house from the previous elderly occupant, since they had died while at their main home back in France. Moneyed people and their families were always losing track of their properties when no heirs were identified. It had been simple to pay someone to transfer the title after paying a nominal amount to the French solicitor. More difficult were the practical things that needed to be accomplished around the house.

Plumbing and wiring threaded through his dollhouse's wooden pedestal, to which it was firmly secured. The pedestal itself was also bolted to the floor, to ensure no accidents happened when the competent and careful cleaning staff went through with their ruthless efficiency. They were the best he had ever had in the United States of America and he was loathe for an accident with one of his “toy” hobbies to go awry and make them flee his employ in shame. Compared to human-sized furniture, Hannibal's was a slight bit more flimsy but still well-built, as they were done at a time when the children of rich Europeans could afford such tiny luxuries, bloated as their coffers were on the spoils of the labour and raw materials of brown and black people from around the world.

The indoor plumbing and wiring were quite a challenge but there was fortunately a rather skilled dollhouse-maker in a Southern state nearby. She had a background in woodworking and mechanical engineering and was familiar enough with the trades and small industrial systems to make the small pipes work perfectly. She had even included tiny repair tools so that Hannibal could fix them himself when the need arose, which was mercifully infrequent. He had never had indoor plumbing his size before in his life and he was not going to give up the luxury of a hot shower ever again.

Everything in the house, all the doors, windows, lights, appliances, even the taps and toilet handles, had power assist mechanisms, meaning that he could control it all remotely from one of the tablets scattered about the house or from his small smartphone. Small elevators his size and tiny train tracks ran throughout the rooms on all floors, making efficient travel possible for tinies across the entire house, even into the attic. He explained it away to the craftspeople and hobbyists that he hired as doting surprise gifts for his daughters and son. If they had any qualms, they voiced none to Hannibal in their many internet and telephone chats, as he was supposed to be in France and the work had to be finished before they got back from their extended Summer vacation last Fall.

Money worked wonders. The sheer number of people working on the house had garnered some interest from the neighbours at first but the curious looks had glazed over after the initial renovations were completed. One enterprising and noise-sensitive neighbour had even checked online if Hannibal had obtained the proper permits from the city to do said renovations; Hannibal had invited them over for tea and then the neighbour was never seen

again, except for guest appearances.
Ones in Hannibal's walk-in deep freeze with the power door and on his tiny dining room table. He invited them on the particular day of the week where everyone else on the block normally at home was at a bridge tournament that he had sponsored. And when no cleaners or gardeners were scheduled, either. Predicting behaviour was Hannibal's specialty and in this one murder committed in the upstairs of his house he had been ruthlessly diligent.

Most people came in boxes through the garage. People who had the appearance of being dead due to a cocktail of drugs were easier to transfer out of the hospital to a local funeral home, where there was always someone who was willing to “dispose” of yet another covid body off the books. Really, Hannibal was performing a public service for the overworked funeral system. Concentrated acid really was a miracle of modern science. Delivered through a number of intermediate addresses, of course. Padded leather restraints were also very useful, in the times before chemicals were a necessity.

Hannibal had mysteriously obtained hospital privileges at one of the local institutions. He often had himself delivered there and back in a box marked “extremely fragile” by a reputable and gentle local service. He imagined that the drivers thought he dealt in Faberge eggs or something equally frivolous online. He managed to locate and use the full-sized ID badge readers with the ID that he had received by courier, when he was “self-isolating” at the beginning of the pandemic, just to make sure it was “all hands on deck” when he was no longer at risk of possibly spreading an infection to other staff or patients.

In this time of masks and gowns and full PPE, security staff were loathe to check the full face of those behind such accoutrements. Breathing on a person in a hospital setting right now was akin to assault with murderous intent, given how paranoid everyone was. He even had a thriving online psychiatric practice, focussed on those too ill to leave their own homes and rich enough to pay for the privilege of speaking to an accented and aristocratic European about their woes. His immaculate wardrobe alone spoke volumes to those who knew the language of expensive, tailored clothing.

And the giant disgraced psychiatrist that Hannibal had hired to impersonate him was skilled at manipulation. And, because they both had similar European accents, no white person cared if he slipped up here and there in Hannibal's background details, enveloped as they all were in their cocoon of privilege in this city. Yes, Hannibal was a keen observer of everyone's behaviour, savoury or not, and was perfectly fine about using it for his own purposes.

Every consult and even hallway conversation the impersonator had at the hospital had a follow-up one with Hannibal online or over the phone. He was just grateful for a chance to practice again and did not mind in the slightest in following Hannibal's dictates. They even collaborated on some papers together, only under the Lecter name, of course. He had even become fast friends with beautiful Dr. Bloom, who consulted with the FBI on occasion. They both loved that they were throwing one over on someone involved in law enforcement. Hannibal had an exit strategy that involved drugging his doppelganger and slashing his throat in a hospital psychiatric tragedy but he had thankfully not had to put it into practice. Yet. He wanted to see how far Edmund could take the relationship with his co-worker; it would be

interesting to see how it would end. And Hannibal was in a word, comfortable, in his situation in Baltimore. Unwilling to let his various experiments in participating in the world of giants end so soon.

He kept his house and grounds in immaculate condition, based on regular attention from hired professionals. He kept things up well, lest the neighbours be suspicious. And those in his employ were increasingly grateful for a client that insisted on no-face-to-face contact, provided free PPEs onsite, and who always paid, promptly, and in full, online. Loyalty could indeed be bought, with the right currency, given at the appropriate time.

Chapter 3

He, himself, had built up and maintained a certain social standing in the community, the reclusive generous donor to a number of “deserving” local charities and arts organizations. In a time of pandemic, Zoom meetings were particularly useful, especially with the right background furnishings (bought from antique dollhouse websites), lighting, and camera angles. There were now input devices like touch phone screens that he could manipulate like a professional by now. A tablet, mini Bluetooth camera and keyboard were easy for him to use to interact with the outside world of humans. They could easily be talked and paid into doing his bidding. He lived mostly in the wired and plumbed dollhouse set in a particularly sunny room in front of a set of French doors overlooking the back garden. Gardeners, cleaners, and repair people came and went on a regular basis.

Specialty BDSM craftspeople were more than happy to complete custom objects and installations with the highest level of secrecy permitted. Installing a hard point over the master bedroom bed and disguising it as an overhead light fixture was a masterstroke. That it could also be controlled from an ever-present tablet was also immensely convenient.

The trapdoor to the basement had also been handy getting his victims from the garage to the lower floor. An automated electric forklift trundled well up the sloped floor from the garage and in through the kitchen. A simple lever system opened the side of the bottom-weighted lift vehicle, allowing the still-fresh kill to tumble down through the open trap door. A little post-mortem bruising never bothered him; he had the skills to dissect and butcher whatever parts needed tending. The dumbwaiter that obviously served the upper floors also secretly had an extension to the basement abattoir, workshop, and medical experimentation rooms. Deliveries came through the large lockable compartment in the front of the garage, meaning that Hannibal could use his small electric forklift with the remote control to move things easily. Opening boxes was a chore but his skills with a blade also came in handy.

His entire life was physically demanding but the things he did with the most relish were in the kitchen. The gardener would leave the fresh vegetables and herbs in a low wooden box for him on the kitchen floor, already pre-washed and ready for Hannibal to use. Miniature varieties were a godsend but Hannibal also liked the flavours of regular varieties and had him grow many varieties to allay suspicions. Hannibal would leave the trimmings in the box for the gardener to compost; waste not, want not.

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Hannibal had gotten Will used to hearing his voice over the phone. He had an unusually deep voice for a tiny; it came in handy when trying to pass for a human online and over the phone. Will wouldn't admit it to himself but he had found it soothing when he had called him the first couple of times to set up the schedules and key transfers.

Hannibal had been meticulous and Will was grateful for his attention; rich people were not always so attentive. They would often hire him with little notice and hand off their keys while not even looking at him, which Will appreciated most of the time. Since he was not fond of eye contact, he preferred a job where he was able to live in the lap of luxury while not having to deal with humanity, just maybe their pets sometimes. He liked dogs the best but found it hard not to get attached to them.

Hannibal had no pets and had a completely automated house, right down to the blinds and drapes. All Will had to do was sleep and eat and hang out in the backyard. Make some noise, park his truck out front, wander down to the local grocery or convenience store for necessities. Hell, he even said it was okay to use his soaps, towels, and shampoos, so Will had packed very light.

Not that he had much in his self-storage unit, which was his only address in town. Or anywhere, if he really admitted it. Since his dad had died of liver cancer in the hospice, Will had been rootless, going where job opportunities beckoned. When worst came to worst, he slept in the storage unit in his sleeping bag and showered at the local men's organization.

But Baltimore had been pretty good to him so far: he had only had to sleep in his truck one night before he got the self-storage set up. Better off since the virus had taken over, actually. Many people were stuck out of town for fourteen to twenty-one days and he had often had a circuit of houses and pets to which he was attending. It was easy to set things up over the 'net through his website. He had many satisfied customers, a few of whom had put up anonymous good reviews of him on other websites. He was just starting to get comfortable when a dry spell hit; Hannibal was literally saving his bacon—he had bought some this morning and would not have had anywhere to cook it if Hannibal had not finally agreed to use his services. It seemed he had been humming and hawing about it for weeks but had finally said yes at the last minute. They had agreed via Zoom this morning.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Will finally arrives.

He pulled up at about one in the afternoon at Hannibal's fancy house on the fanciest block Will had ever been on. The heat and humidity of the day were taking hold and Will was looking forward to the AC that Hannibal had said he had. The key to the back door was hanging on a small hook low-set on the tall wooden fence behind the unlocked front gate, which oddly sounded like it latched very firmly behind him once he'd closed it. He went in the back door and threw the deadbolt, firmly, as Hannibal had told him to do. He threw his canvas packsack and sleeping roll on the kitchen floor and went over to check out the security system. Set and armed it and set off to check out all the doors and windows.

His employer had been adamant about keeping everything closed, hence the refreshing and necessary whirr of the built-in AC. Will felt his shoulders relax once he had made his normal circuit. Hannibal had even left some food made by his personal chef in the fridge; all Will had to do was heat it up. He was dismayed to find that there was no microwave available. He found a ridiculously expensive set of frying pans hanging over the counter in the kitchen and a metal egg-turner from one of the drawers and began heating it up on the rather complicated gas stove.

It smelled amazing. Once it was warm enough, he got a fork from another drawer and took the frying pan and an oven mitt to the other side of the kitchen island and tucked in, perched on one of the slender bar stools. He literally let out a groan of pleasure as the food hit his tastebuds. It was the tastiest thing he had ever eaten and he wasn't even sure what it was.

It kind of reminded him of some French and Cajun dishes that his mom used to make when he was very small. Suddenly, he was transported back to her arms holding him at the kitchen table and feeding him with a fork from her own plate. His throat tensed up as tears sprung to his eyes. He hadn't even thought about her since his dad had died last year. Tears started to roll down his face and onto the pan full of food. He quickly put down his fork and scrubbed the tears off his cheeks. No point in making Hannibal think he was unstable on the first day, he thought.

He had made note of all the security cameras, one in almost every room and hallway, on his recent circuit around the house. He is such a tight-ass that he probably has full-time video and manned surveillance observation as well. He started eating again, getting his sobs back under control and pausing only briefly and surreptitiously to wipe the remaining and forthcoming tears away. He can go wash his face in the master bathroom in a minute. He had

noted, thankfully, that those rooms had no cameras. Will felt slightly better at that but also worried about how many cameras Hannibal had had about the house. And a little weirded out about the tiny train sets that ran through the walls to all the rooms on both floors, complete with tiny trains at various locations. And he could have sworn that he'd seen a teeny-tiny elevator, in addition to the dumbwaiter in the corner of the kitchen, that let out the back into the laundry room cabinet on this floor and an upstairs cabinet door near the floor near the linen closet.

Just then, the tablet on the kitchen counter near the wall phone pinged. Hannibal had said he would Zoom Will by 2pm to make sure he was settling in. Will picked up the tablet and held it up, not quite sure how to pick up at first, never having had the money to touch a tablet before. He was barely past the flip phone stage when circumstances dictated that he needed a smartphone and had gotten the most elderly used iPhone that his cell provider would support, down at a pawn shop. Someone else's loss was his gain.

It pinged again a couple more times before he located and poked the correct button on the screen. Hannibal's stately face and friendly half-smile fell immediately as he took a closer look at his house sitter and said, “Will, is there something wrong? Your eyes, they seem kind of red. Are you alright?”

Will spluttered a bit before responding, “It's. I. I was just eating the leftovers you had for me in the fridge and they were a little spicy for me.”

Hannibal's brow wrinkled ever–so-slightly at that response, knowing it for the falsehood that it was. But he continued, curious as to what was going on upstairs, as he watched Will from his perch on the counter in the basement. “Are you sure? Perhaps you need a drink of water? The water glasses are in the corner cabinet of the ones above the island.” he offered.

Will disappeared from the screen and Hannibal heard the tap running and a slight clink of glasses in the cupboard. Then a gasp of refreshment from Will, a heavy chunk as the glass hit the countertop, then a susurrus of clothing as Will came back into view, tablet now put into the holder Will had discovered on the counter in his travels. It made the picture solid instead of swaying, which was helpful.

“Uh, thanks. That helped some.” Will's face wrinkled slightly at the lie and with some residual emotion about his mom. He schooled his face to neutral in short order, however deep his lapse had cut him inside, showing it on the outside with his meal ticket within view was not an option. 'Show no craziness' had been a lesson that he'd learned often while he was still quite young. People didn't like it when he told them what they were thinking and feeling. It had brought him too many slaps and bruises. He'd prevented the broken bones, thank God.

Hannibal was intrigued. Now that he knew Will was lying, he wanted to know about what. Perhaps his freshly-gotten meal could be postponed for a day or two. This giant had proved to be more interesting in person than online, once he was in Hannibal's abode. So, he strategically chose to ignore Will's recalcitrance, this time.

“Ah, good. Is everything okay with the house and grounds? I do not like to leave things alone for too long. My flight was uneventful and I am happy that we could speak on time. Did you need anything before I go to sleep?” Hannibal was supposed to be in France by now, so he

kept that in mind when he'd made the first appointment to check in with Will. That accomplished, he quickly excused himself and hung up the call, needing to change his plans for the night.

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Will spent the rest of the day getting used to where everything was in the house, grabbing a shower to rinse the accumulated grime and sweat from his day. It was really well-equipped, with room for a family of five, if the bedrooms and study and library were any indication. He felt himself settling into a routine already, with everything he could need within the house already.

After watching a few funny videos and looking at the already bookmarked Tattle Crime website on one of the ubiquitous tablets before bed, Will was thinking about tomorrow. Maybe he could explore the backyard before it got too hot? And there was a complicated expresso machine downstairs, and a simple French press in the cupboard next to it. He was set. He even thought about splurging and getting into one of Hannibal's satin pyjama sets, which he could wash before his employer returned. Nah, this is a good gig. No point in fucking it up with unneeded extravagance, he thought to himself. He needed repeat clients and Hannibal seemed like the well-travelled type that would jet off to Paris or London at the drop of a hat. Probably likes opera, too, Will mused as he drifted off to sleep in the softest sheets and pillows that he'd had cause to be in, ever.

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Hannibal quietly crept into the master bedroom once he heard Will's breathing even out into a slightly breathy snore. He had taken the elevator up from the basement, noise hidden mostly by the quiet shush of the central air conditioning. He quickly jumped up to the edge of the bed, as his kind were good at jumping, and landing, and pulled the rest of his body up over the edge of the bed.

Will was fast asleep on the other side and mostly uncovered by that point, his thrashing to get comfortable enough to sleep was legendary. Hannibal had feared for the plumpness of the pillows, he had punched them so much. But now his white undershirt and darker striped boxer briefs were mostly uncovered, awaiting Hannibal's attentions.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

And so it begins . . .

He stopped to breathe in Will's increasingly concentrated scent. It was intoxicating. He would have tasted delicious by tomorrow but Hannibal was still curious about his fib from their Zoom conversation earlier in the day. Feeding the body was fine but without stimulation for the mind, life was just not worth living, at least to Hannibal's way of thinking. Yes, he would keep Will alive for a little while longer, just until his curiosity was sated. Since Will had enjoyed what the chef had left for him, improving his flavour with a few more herbs and spices would not hurt, either. Something with oysters and chestnuts next, he mused. There were other, more time-extended, and non-injurious, ways of trying Will's flavour before the kill.

He had explored other giant sleeping bodies before. Medical and nursing students were always taking naps, sometimes tucked away in the most unlikely, and accessible to a tiny, places. One particular female nursing student took up the habit of snoozing in a storage room behind boxes and wooden crates. Hannibal learnt her schedules and she had had such amazing and satisfying dreams there that she had had to change her lacy underwear frequently afterwards.

He had also learnt how to operate a small and narrow syringe just to hear her voice her cries a little more freely. It was dangerous work but someone had to do it. She was so uptight and stressed in her waking life, trying to support two small children after her husband and parents were killed in the war. And he just couldn't help whispering his name in her ear until she was eventually calling it out in her sleep when she came. Hannibal revelled in the sense of power that it gave him and she did not have to worry about another pregnancy.

He shook himself gently from the pleasant memory, coming back to the task at hand. He tentatively touched Will's side through a space where the white knit material had ridden up. It was like patting a huge sleeping animal. Tinies did not have pets, really, so touching the occasional sleeping human was not unknown. Household pets were a danger, for sure, and one of the reasons tinies were rarely discovered. But sleeping humans, once dreaming, were pliable things, as Hannibal had discovered while living with his aunt and uncle in the building in France that had housed the medical school. He had undertaken the journey there from Denmark with his uncle Robertus, after the life-changing event in his younger years that had claimed his parents and his younger sister, Misha.

Hannibal had performed many experiments on sleeping humans since his time in Europe, some that had garnered both parties a certain, sensual, satisfaction. And he had researched even more online. Humans had nothing but their imaginations sometimes, and they were very

inventive when using them for sexual purposes. Those were times of pleasure for Hannibal, since tinies rarely took the dangerous opportunities to travel to visit each other or to go a-courting. Scaled up or down, humans and tinies shared much anatomy and, resulting sensitivities.

And he had become a master of pharmacy, if he wanted to prolong their encounters until morning. Small nips and pricks were written off as bedbugs and fleas, so many of which had infested the Paris of the Post-war period. Camouflage was survival for tinies and Hannibal's family were very, very good at it. The laws of physics applied to everyone, including tinies. Levers were very important for moving large objects about, as were sets of dowels used as rollers. Remote-controlled small electric forklifts were the best invention since sliced bread as far as Hannibal was concerned, though he cringed at the item for comparison.

Hannibal began stroking Will's side more vigorously. It was Will's left side, upon which he was lying, and the one he could reach. Both his tiny palms were drawn down Will's side repeatedly, from the bottom of his ribs down to his hip bones. The action elicited a soft, shaky whimper from Will, who shuddered just a little.

Poor thing, Hannibal thought, he must be so touch-starved to be this sensitive. The lonely ones could be so much fun but he had to be careful. Will could be an active sleeper, if he took that long to settle down tonight. No matter. Hannibal was confident in his ability to satisfy. Practice does indeed make perfect, in music or in sexual encounters.

He clambered up onto Will's pillow then, getting right in front of his face. Will was turned slightly downward now, his right eye enveloped in the softness of the down pillow, his mouth slightly agape. Hannibal crouched near his temple first, soothing some lines out of his forehead with constant wide strokes of his hands and arms. It was kind of like smoothing the wrinkles out of a bedsheet on a large bed.

Will responded beautifully, sighing out a big breath. That's my boy, you relax into it now. He snuggled more deeply into the pillow, which tossed Hannibal about a bit. But just like getting his sea legs back after a time on the water, Hannibal adjusted his balance. He had been doing this for years and it was why he eschewed foam pillows for more traditional feather pillows. It was what he was used to climbing around. And the concern marks between Will's eyes eased ever so slightly.

Hannibal worked on his left temple then, loosening the muscles that came up from his jaw, which seemed to store a ridiculous amount of tension from clenching so much. Will's lips began to form a small "o" of contentment and he eventually released a large sigh, which ended up blowing Hannibal's hair back with the impact of released air. It settled into bangs on his own forehead, where he tried to blow it off with a tiny breath. Hannibal laughed. It was like playing a big, warm, sleeping instrument and he was quite the accomplished musician.

Just then the bed rocked and Will tossed backwards, ending up on his back at the very far edge of the bed. After regaining his footing, Hannibal took the opportunity to work on the right side of his face, cheek and jaw muscle and temple. Will closed his mouth and started breathing through his nose with small snores, his throat lax inside his head. Hannibal started work on the tension in the muscles of his neck then, switching to the other side by walking

around the top of his head. He slipped frequently on his rather luxuriant curls on the way. His scent was stronger here and Hannibal could smell his clean, natural scent below the lingering residue of his regular shampoo and the fresher scent of the one that Hannibal had provided.

Good. He is amenable to changing his personal care products. That is a good sign that his behaviour may be easier to modify. He felt his lips curve up again as he went to work on the left side of Will's neck. If he did not do this side, the resulting difference in tension between the two would give him a headache. He stroked the skin and pushed firmly into the underlying muscles until they began to give as well.

He surveyed his work. Will was on his back, soft curls splayed across the pillow in all directions. His chin was up a bit and his mouth was closed. He was breathing deeply through his nose and his throat was angled so that he could breathe more freely. Just then, Hannibal's more feral instincts took over and he bit Will's Adam's apple. Will startled and tensed briefly, waving a slow hand where Hannibal had bitten. He was thrown onto his bottom from the resulting motion of the pillow. So sensitive to pain, too. Hannibal filed that away for future reference.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

And continues.

Hannibal took his time exploring Will's body for the rest of the night, voicing his frustrations at the clothing on his body verbally at times. To a tiny, the folds of even a thin fabric on a human body were at best trip hazards and at worst small mountains to scale. Hannibal could clutch the jersey knit material of the undershirt fairly well but the woven cotton boxer briefs provided little for his small fingers to grasp onto easily.

After convincing Will to kick the rest of the sheets off the bed through various means, he had full, if mostly clothed, access to his body. He worked on his feet next, paying close attention to the tension in his long toes, ball area, and tight instep. Then he squeezed his heels as best he could, moving the fluid around them that had accumulated on the bottom. He worked his way up each leg.

Then he checked his oversized, functional watch and discovered that he only had a couple of hours until dawn, the normal rest time for most tinies. Hannibal had switched to being diurnal for the most part, with a mixture of daylight and nighttime skies peppering his time awake. It also allowed him to interact with humans and keep an eye on his employees and contractors. Any time he needed to sleep he just scheduled as being busy with patients during the day.

Today had been a busy one and had set him quite off schedule. Will was proving to be so interesting that Hannibal had lost track of time, especially this evening. He found having him in the house to be stimulating, mentally and physically. He was fatigued but had started to become more aroused the longer he worked on Will's sleeping form.

He decided to escalate the situation more quickly, given the time constraints. He needed to get some other things done before he took his morning nap, curled up in his bed in his tiny house. Morning naps in the sun from the French doors were something he was loathe to give up but it might be the last he had for a while if he continued to let Will range freely about the house. He neatly shucked off his own clothes and started towards Will's groin area in earnest.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

And the ending . . . for now.

Hannibal took the direct route, slipping into the leg of one side of Will's boxers. He had learned how much pressure the skin could take without a response and he stayed within that limit. He used both his arms and legs and hands and feet to brace himself between Will's legs, still trapped in one tunnel of cloth. It was difficult but Hannibal had core strength for miles, developed getting around a world built for humans.

He finally made it to the apex of Will's thighs. He experimentally stroked the place where his thighs met the curve of his buttocks, closer in to the middle. A shudder ran through Will's entire body and a choked noise was thrown from his lips, muffled as it was by the material of the boxers surrounding Hannibal's ears. So sensitive, Hannibal mused.

He wedged himself higher, encouraging Will to put his legs flatter so that the boxers were less bunched at the corners at the front of his hips. He then clambered up through the thatch of Will's pubic hair, grateful for the easy handholds and extremely strong scent of him. He popped his head and shoulders out of the underwear, right beside the single button in the fly. Hannibal's preference was for longer briefs on himself but he liked boxers on his human men. Or just having them naked was fine, too. Hannibal undid the button with much effort, freeing Will's penis as it hardened from all the stimulation of the tissues in the general area. Men were easier in that respect, with an outside readable barometer of their arousal. Hannibal took full advantage.

Will's member was more than half Hannibal's height and he was very tall for a tiny. He experimented with grabbing around its entire girth and took deep knee bends with his fingers clasped on the other side. It was difficult to balance, so he moved to stand on Will's belly and tried again. It was soft on the outside, huge, and quickly hardening in the middle. Hannibal did not mind the position for himself, either. His own aroused penis and tightening scrotum were stimulated with the pressure of Will's penile shaft between Hannibal's wide-stretched legs. Hannibal was not opposed to mutual frottage, not at all.

He worked himself up and down, garnering more and more groans and moans from Will, who was twitching and writhing beneath him from the attention. His own arousal was going to be hitting a peak soon and he let his own vocalizations be heard. They both kept up a chorus of grunts and groans, peppered with surprised ohs! when Hannibal started to mouth, lick, and suck any soft skin that he could while keeping up his steady up and down rhythm.

When Hannibal and Will finally did come, they came together, Will bucking his hips violently upward while Hannibal held on for dear life, ending with a shouted "That's my

good boy! Yes!”.

It took a while for Will’s shudders to cease and his penis to soften. Hannibal collapsed back onto his soft belly muscles, now very relaxed after his release. Will’s ejaculate had gone more towards the foot of the bed and his knees but a squirt or two had coated one thigh. Hannibal’s release was on the top of Will’s penis. He had not had an orgasm like this in some time. It was always more intense with a partner, no matter what the physical configurations required for satisfaction. He groaned and re-wrapped all his limbs around Will’s flagging member. It was just so good to be near another warm body. Maybe it was not just Will who was touch-starved . . .

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Morning coffee.

Will woke to a certain familiar stickiness on his legs. And boxers. And, weirdly, a small patch on the top of his cock. Seriously? he thought, still groggy.

Then he bolted upright. OMG! A wet dream. I haven't had one in years. God. And he had done it on Hannibal's hugely expensive Egyptian cotton sheets, which Hannibal had even mentioned by origin before he signed off from France last night. Shit!

Will quickly put on his glasses and assessed the situation more closely. There were even some spots on the comforter! Hannibal was going to kill him! Where is that spot remover I saw yesterday? Do I have to get it dry cleaned? Panic seized Will, his stomach clenching with anxiety. He was running short on cash and Hannibal had only paid a small amount upfront, plus an allowance for incidentals.

He quickly stripped the sheets and comforter off the bed, being careful to keep the spots in sight as he put the bed topper on the floor. He practically ran down the stairs to the laundry room, almost losing his balance on the steep incline.

He read the instructions on the container of laundry pods and thought he got the right combination of matching dials on the multi-functional washer/dryer unit. God, what a way to wake up. He just stood there for a minute, shaking quietly while listening to the water pour into the machine. Then he drooped a little and remembered the French press in the kitchen.

After some digging in the pantry and the appliance cabinet, he found the coffee grinder and a mug and some beans. Hoping that he'd gotten things right, he slapped some freshly ground coffee into the bottom of the press, cursing now that he had no idea where the kettle was. After some more investigation, he was able to boil some water in the kettle and pour it into the press. He had no idea but tried squishing the plunger part into the grounds at the bottom, letting it sit for a minute. Then he poured it into his cup and took a sip.

Cursing again and almost spitting out the excruciatingly hot coffee, he finally registered the taste and smell of the heavenly beans. Even if he had chewed on the roasted beans it would still have tasted better than all the cups he'd ever tasted. He resolved to look up how to use a French press online before tomorrow morning. As it was, he was just content to go back to his spot at the bar stool from yesterday and hold the mug in his hands. This place may be more challenging than most but it had its benefits. He sighed and relaxed for the first time this morning. Maybe his bacon would still be good. There were still more frying pans to dirty before he had to wash dishes.

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Hannibal was back safe in his basement, watching the feeds from the security cameras. He laughed out loud at Will's shocked expression as he bolted down the upstairs hallway, soiled sheets in hand. He was adorable! Hannibal debated what he would do next after struggling mightily with his luxury laundry equipment. And the way he shuffled tiredly through his kitchen, searching for the morning nectar of the Gods was charming. Though, Hannibal tsked to himself when he saw that yesterday's dishes were still soaking in the sink. Bad habits must be purged but it may take some conditioning, he thought, already planning how to shape Will's behaviour from afar.

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Settling in.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After tasting Will's ejaculation that first glorious night, he was curious to see if it had changed while dining on Hannibal's preferred diet for him. Hannibal had then decided that he was just too interesting to eat, yet. He had hatched a plan and had the container of sedative ready for the second night's ministrations. There was just something about the way that Will had moaned that piqued Hannibal's interest and he wanted to hear what other noises he could extract from the better-rested human man.

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It had been over a week and Hannibal still found Will very interesting. They Zoom called or talked on the phone at least once a day, at a time appropriate for both of them to be awake in their supposed respective time zones. Will expressed gratitude for free access to Hannibal’s extensive and expensive whiskey collection.

Hannibal even took the week off of work for real and told the staff of their unexpected paid vacation, which surprised them but about which they were quite happy. All except for the chef, of course, whom he put through his paces, whom he had making and delivering things personally to Will’s increasingly appreciative palate. Hannibal wanted to focus all his considerable attentions on Will alone. He even left Edmund to pursue Alana as he pleased, free from Hannibal’s constant influence for over a week.

And he did interesting experiments on Will after dark, whispering sweet Domly nothings into his ear, telling Will in no uncertain terms that it was he, Hannibal, who was responsible for this increase in his relaxation and pleasure.

The second night he had tried out the sedative on him, slipping it into yet another delivered meal from his chef when Will was having his late morning shower. Will had woken from the best sleep he had had in a year the next morning. Hannibal was pleased. The contented stretches he had all the way around the house for the next hour or so told truth to that hypothesis. He even had enough energy to explore the library afterwards, choosing one of Hannibal's favourite volumes of poetry to take into the study. He sat for many hours, completely absorbed until it was time to talk to Hannibal again.

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Will was starting to enjoy Hannibal's company, missing the sound of his voice and his face on the screen of the tablet. God, this is weird. I'm never attracted to my employers, he thought in a stray free moment. Hannibal had started suggesting that Will keep more to a schedule, dishes and coffee and garden in the morning, a light prepared lunch, laundry and other chores and reading before supper. He had taken to it quite well, enjoying Hannibal's new whiskey recommendation each and every night.

He mulled over the entire situation, pursing his lips slightly as he took his morning coffee onto the back deck. He had taken to going out onto the deck to catch some sun. Maybe that was why he was feeling so much more rested, the morning sun pulling his circadian rhythm back on track. He put down his mug on the wood of the deck and scrubbed his face with his palms, breathing in the fresh green smell of the plants and trees in the backyard.

But I could do without having to wash the sheets every morning! God. He had to leave the comforter folded in the corner after he'd managed to dab out the stain from the first night with Hannibal's effective but chemically-aromatic stain remover. He had wanted to open the window to air out the bedroom but remembered Hannibal's admonition on opening the windows and doors. So he just turned on the extractor fan in the bathroom, which quickly proved to work.

And no matter how many times that he made himself come before he went to sleep, he was still jizzing two or three times a night as well. It was getting a little strange. He hadn't had many partners before and he had never come so much in all his life! And the dreams and masturbation fantasies he had about Hannibal were getting out of hand. He blushed all the way down his chest just thinking about him, his cock already hardening in his tightening jeans. He sighed. At this rate, he was going to get repetitive strain in both his wrists!

Still, the house and grounds were great and he had only left once to pick up some snacks and beer from the local convenience store. Which was okay by him: less money spent on gas worked, leaving more in his budget for the data charges on his cell and his storage unit. And less sweat out in the heat.

Chapter End Notes

> God, I wish I had a pocket-sized Hannibal to work on my own shoulders at night while I sleep! I'm a mess after getting the idea for this fic and then just running with it for over 24 hours. Need massage, now! 😳

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

And then it all comes crashing down, carefully constructed house of cards that it is. ;)

“Ah, there it is,” Hannibal says, with delight sparkling impishly in his small eyes. He is the size of a GI Joe doll and not a little bit overdressed.

“There is the blush that I so often have enjoyed. It is so wonderful to see how far it spreads, and in person for the first time, too.” At least in your memory. Hannibal grinned at the thought. So much power he had over his Will.

Will could not have picked his jaw off the floor if he had tried, slowly coming to a hazy consciousness, bound and trussed as he was. “What are you? H-Hannibal, have you been spying on me all this time? And how the Hell did you get me done up, like this?” He pointed to the ceiling as best he could with his chin, currently the only part of him not restrained. “OMG! I knew this was too good to be true, I just knew it!” The last was uttered mostly to himself as he hung his head down. “Maybe I am hallucinating. That must be it. It must be related to those night sweats, I just get so hot . . . “

Will soon also realized that he is completely naked. His blush quickly extends almost down to his thighs when he sees that Hannibal is immaculately dressed in one of his three-piece suits of crazy plaid and paisley. Tiny paisley, tiny plaid. And clothed Dom, naked sub, is one of Will's favourite online porn kinks. He can feel himself starting to harden. He tries to draw up his legs to hide himself but he is stretched, leaning backwards on his knees and his tethered legs can't get a grip on the obviously high-thread count dark blue sheets.

“William, focus!” Hannibal yelled, regaining Will's attention and his eye contact after it darted around the room and he struggled ineffectually some more.

“Ah, God! I have a tiny man yelling at me! This cannot be real!” He sagged his head backwards, stretching his throat back into a position that the other man in the room found to be amazingly sexual. Will groaned.

Hannibal sighed a tiny sigh and projected his voice mightily, trying to soothe his captive, “William, I assure you that I am as real as you are. You are in my home as a guest. Most guests are not this rude.”

“Rude? RUDE! Really? You are going to stand on a point of etiquette? How about consensuality? How about this?” he muttered, pointing his chin vaguely to the padded leather restraints on his wrists still above his head. The drugs were lingering in his system and made

him just a bit dizzy in that position, making him lose his balance and he began to sway a little. “And my name is Will, dammit!”

“Language,” came Hannibal's calm reply. “You have definitely enjoyed my ministrations so far, Will. You responded so beautifully in your sleep. Have you not had the best sleep and erotic dreams of your life here, under my care?”

Will was silent, his eyes wide and darting about even more as he started putting it all together now. Hannibal actually lived in that dollhouse downstairs. My God! The living room in it had seemed so cute and familiar. Because he remembered it from the Zoom calls Hannibal had made to him. Views suspiciously like the view of the room in the open dollhouse in front of the French doors to the garden in the sitting room. Right down to the tiny painting of Leda and the Swan on the wall that had its full-sized mate on the dining room wall. OMG!

And now . . . tiny Hannibal before him on a pillow, after he himself has been strung up by his wrists to the hard point above the bed. “You've drugged me, haven't you?” he snarled out the accusation.

“Of course, dear Will. My safety depended upon you being unable to move much.”

“Much? What do you mean, MUCH??”

“You were quite good at finishing yourself off once I provided enough of the appropriate and timely stimulation.”

“Stimu- Seriously?” Will paused again, letting the implications of the past week of wet dreams hit him fully in the solar plexus. All those mornings washing the sheets clean of sweat and cum and embarrassment. God, he felt so humiliated, even though there was no camera in master bedroom. Hannibal had been in here with him the whole time, using him as his life-sized, er, giant semi-conscious sex toy!

“What did you do to me?”

“Nothing that you did not enjoy whole-heartedly, Will. I saw to that.”

Will felt like his head was spinning and the bottom had fallen out of the world and he was literally and metaphorically hanging over the edge. “No! Let. Me. Go. Now!” he ground out of a clenched jaw.

“That would not be advisable in your current state of heightened emotional arousal, Will. And yelling will do you no good. This room is particularly well sound-proofed for good reason.” Will jerked in his restraints again, still half-hard despite the bizarre situation in which he found himself. “Be he fat or be he lean, tiny or human, I can assure you that all of my previous male partners have been satisfied by my efforts.”

Will's eyes could not get any wider, his whole focus and attention on the wool-clad figure before him. “It's going to be that kind of a party, now?” He felt like his head was going to explode.“What are you going to do with me now, Hannibal?” Will shivered at the possibilities flowing unbidden to his mind.

“Nothing that you do not consent to, Will.”

“Really? I did not consent to being drugged and bound like this.” He tried to relax his shoulders, even slightly, as the pain was beginning to wear on him. He had done kinky scenes before but they had been brief. And not with the tiniest Dom on the planet, especially one in plaid. PLAID!

“When we spoke last night, you said it was one of your most special, secret desires.”

“Last night? We've spoken only on Zoom, not even on the telephone!” Another piece slipped into place in his head at that point. “You have access to sodium pentathol, don't you? Dammit, I had to house sit for the only Lilliputian psychiatrist on the continent, didn't I?” Will wished to God he could wipe his now sweaty face with his palms. It calmed him when he felt like he was going to lose it. He could not afford to lose it, not right now, not to this, this crazy tiny person.

“Language! Will, we tiny people take extreme offence to that term. Please do not use it again. Dreadful story.”

“Sorry, I- Why am I apologizing to the thing that has kidnapped me? This can't be happening.”

Hannibal, with great patience, assured Will that yes, it indeed was. Will sagged in his restraints again.

“So, are you ready to speak civilly with me now?” Hannibal hazarded, tiny eyebrow twitched up inquisitively. By this point, Will had realized that he could see Hannibal, which meant that he had his glasses on. Thank the Lord for small mercies. Oh, I can't believe I just said that in my head.

“Yes, yes. Your wish is my command, oh genie of the bottle.” he quipped.

“No point in being tart, William. I punish a tart mouth in this household,” Hannibal shot back.

“How? What are you capable of even doing to me?”

“Quite a lot, Will. As you can see. Parts of you are like a little mongoose in bed; I have to be prepared for any eventuality. I have my medical kit and the services of a very good and discreet set of doctors, if any injuries are beyond my capabilities. Rest assured, good Will, you are safe in my hands.”

He shook his head, still reeling from the surreality of his current situation. He moaned slightly and wavered a bit as he closed his eyes with the dizziness. “Okay. Good to know.”

“I have some suggestions from the conversation that I mentioned, if you would like me to begin?” Hannibal asked.

“Sure. Whatever.”

Since it was the closest to good, giving, and game that he was going to get from a now-conscious Will, he started in earnest. He got up from the pillow upon which he had been sitting and dragged over the supplies from the nightside table that was located to the right of the head of the bed. At this point, Will's attention was rapt. Especially focussed on what looked like a powered dildo with a remote controller.

“Whoa! Wait a minute! What are you going to do with that?” fear thick in his voice.

“Nothing that we have not already discussed, Will. Can you not feel how I have already prepared you?”

Will’s attention snapped to his body, then focussed entirely on a part he most often forgot about. And realized that it seemed kind of full, and . . .

“You did not!”

“Yes, dear William, I did. While you were sleeping. The logistics took me most of the rest of the night but here we are.” He moved smoothly in a cat-like gait across the sheets to a pillow that Will could just see out of the corner of his eye if he twisted around as far as he could. A strategically-placed pillow, with a surprisingly large pump bottle of supremely expensive lube next to it. Which looked suspiciously like its contents where running a touch low. He groaned, especially when he noticed that his leg restraints were quite firmly bound to the lower corners of the bed.

“Fuck. Me.”

“As you so crudely put it, that is my intention.”

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Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Oh, no! Mr. Will!

:D

Once Hannibal had gotten his equipment and supplies ready on or near the pillow at Will's backside, he swiftly removed his own clothes, leaving them in a neat pile on a far corner of the bed. Doing things to Will at night had become much easier since he had convinced him to sleep naked. Hannibal considered just keeping him naked all the time after today but dismissed the idea as being too hard on the furniture. Especially since the staff responsible for cleaning were currently on vacation. Oddly, leather seats and bare skin do not a comfortable combination make.

Will was struggling to see and hear what the tiny man was doing behind him. He just about jumped out of his skin and flexed away as suddenly as he was able when a tiny hand petted down one of his outer thighs. But dammit, the touch felt so good. Hannibal really had been working on him every night, learning all his secrets and buttons an—OH! What was he doing now?!

Hannibal had moved to stroking down both of Will's inner thighs, starting near his perineum and ending near his knees. Will tried to close his legs but padded leather ankle restraints in natural tan and cream like the ones on his wrists, prevented him from taking that action. The tiny man kept up the action in a steady rhythm and Will felt his cock responding.

"Ah, there's my good boy," Hannibal said in his most soothing tone as he watched Will's penis disappear upwards, his view of it blocked by Will's pelvis and spine. The blush on Will's face deepened to a brighter red and he could feel his cheeks burning.

So he had a praise kink as well. What else had Hannibal learned about his buried sexual fantasy life? God, Will wanted to crawl under a rock but at the same time wanted this kind of attention to never stop. This is why professionals are not supposed to be allowed access to their patients in this way. It seemed to Will that Hannibal was a little shaky on ethical boundaries at the best of times. But it is not like Hannibal was really his therapist.

But Will no longer had it in him to fight back now, not with Hannibal's hands and arms starting to massage his butt cheeks like that and oh, now. Putting inward pressure on the fancy heavy metal butt plug like that. All Will's thoughts started to recede, replaced by immediate needs.

Hannibal continued to massage the muscles around Will's anus, pushing and pulling on the well-designed and tooled plug that he had purchased last week for his visitor. This was only the second time he had used it since speaking to a very forthcoming Will that chemically-enhanced one evening. Will's body was getting used to it, holding it inside when Will finally let it breach his slackening ring of muscles.

Hannibal let a mischievous smile quirk up the sides of his bowed lips. It pleased him very much when Will responded to his efforts, awake or asleep. He had taken well to the daily routine that Hannibal had set out for him. And they had so much fun together after dark as well. If Hannibal had not taken naps at prescribed times, it would have worn him out. As long as they both stuck to their schedules, everyone got both enough rest and enough stimulation. Will's core strength and sleep were already improving. Hannibal enjoyed the task of wringing every bit of pleasure out of Will by the end of the night.

Back to the task at hand. Hannibal verbally directed Will to relax enough to remove the plug from his anus. Will, more compliant by the second as he kept up his steady assault of stimulation, started to respond as quickly as he did while asleep. Hannibal was convinced that he had induced subspace in Will many times already but this was the first time while they are together while he was awake with a minimum of drugs in his system. He needed to take it slowly, otherwise he would have to re-start things again at night, every night, like clockwork. Which was a punishing schedule for them both. As it was, Will was already entrained to masturbate at least twice during the day and be ready for at least two orgasms at night.

He maneuvered the heavy metal implement down from Will's still grasping anus. "That's it, my good boy. Just relax a little bit more for your Sir. That's right."

Will whimpered above him, replying, almost in a whisper, "Yes, Sir," the last word accented with something that almost could be described as awe. Hannibal was impressed. Will had sunk right into the headspace he need him to be in, calm and compliant. Anal stimulation could be tricky and painful if emotions ran too high, especially at the beginning. Hannibal gave Will's inner thighs some more long languid strokes to help him stay in his relaxed, hypnotic state.

Will felt liquid, his spine dissolving under Hannibal's continued touch. He knew it was just so wrong, what he had been doing to him, night after night but now he really didn't care any more. All he wanted was to be filled and praised and be the tiny man's good boy. Oh, God. Yes, he did. He felt himself leaning into his confident touches, letting his body guide him where his conscious mind feared to go. Then he felt the toy begin to prod at his puckered entrance and he just let go.

"That's it. That's my good boy," Hannibal soothed his charge as he stepped away briefly to get an armful of lube, propping the toy between Will's dimpled anus, his lower cheeks, and the raised pillow. He applied it liberally to the top of the toy and the now-throbbing ring of muscle, massaging the general area while giving more soothing and encouraging words to his charge.

Inch by slow inch he worked it into place, stopping only when they found Will's sweet spot together. By that time, he was blowing through his nostrils like a horse, his flanks and thighs quivering with excitement as well. Hannibal propped the toy in place and scrambled around

to Will's front. His head was thrown back between his tight shoulders, his throat exposed beautifully.

Hannibal whistled his special signal and received Will's full attention. "Wha—?" he said, dreamily. He was filled again and there was that delicious pressure on his prostate and there was not much room left in his head for much more. But the sound of his Sir's voice, that he recognized. "Hanni—Sir?"

"That's right, Will. You are my good boy. Are you listening to your Sir?"

"Yes, Sir," he replied more clearly this time.

"Good. I am going to turn the toy on now, William. You need to tell me how it feels."

"Okay."

"Good boy."

At that, Will broke into the most beatific smile that Hannibal had beheld outside of a Renaissance painting of a saint in ecstasy. His face was well-flushed and shining damply, his brown curls alternately fluffed out and stuck in half-rings to his forehead and to the edge of his face. His brows were drawn up and together in an expression of such vulnerability that it took Hannibal's breath away. And his now-swollen lips were parted, waiting for his next command. And the blue stormy eye colour was enhanced by the slight redness at the edges of his eyelids, bringing out a slight greenish glacial tint in rings that Hannibal had never noticed before. He had never felt more powerful than he did in this moment. This was his Will and he would never let him go.

"Will, I am going to turn the toy on. Please tell me if it gets too be too much."

He then picked up the controller and turned it on.

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will's hips bucked forward immediately, a rotating motion inside him tossing small beads at his prostate at irregular intervals. It was so much to feel that he began to jerk about erratically. So much, so full!

He screamed just the same words in his head out loud. Followed by various noises of overstimulation.

Hannibal shouted at him "Will! My good boy. Do you want me to stop?"

Thoughts were, oh, OH! "NO! No! Don't stop! I " but his next words were cut off as he tried to process all the new sensations. Without sedation. With the increasing pain in his shoulders, neck, and thighs. He slumped in forward in his restraints again. He let his eyes close and just felt himself and only himself, for the first time in a very, very long time.

Then Hannibal turned on the vibrate function. Will suddenly opened his eyes, threw his head all the way back, drew in a deep breath, deep as he could go, making his abdomen concave with the effort. His vision went entirely white and he came. The toy shot out of him as he came all over the bed, jerking repeatedly until he could come no more. He slumped and could not speak.

Hannibal immediately ran to the smartphone on the left nightstand and began lowering Will slowly to the bed. He helped and cajoled him into putting his limbs where they needed to be in the recovery position on the bed. It was difficult but he managed to remove all four restraints from his ankles and wrists, unhooking and raising and transforming the hard point back into an overhead light.

Then he sat at his head for a while, stroking his curls away from his sweaty face, saying over and over again, "My sweet William. My very Good boy. My sweet William. My good boy . . ."

Chapter End Notes

"Success in life is measured by proximity to your next hug."

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Oh, dear. Dear, dear, dear, dear, dear.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

And then things started going horribly, horribly wrong. Edmund eloped with Alana and they were in Europe on their honeymoon. Hannibal could take no public action as himself in the US. He was perplexed. How had this happened? He had only left them alone for ten days to focus on Will and he had not seen this coming. The last messages from them said that she had accepted the pendant the colour of her eyes as an engagement ring as Edmund had presented it on bended knee. She immediately accepted and they flew out the next day. Judging by Alana's social media accounts, they were having quite the time of it.

Hannibal frowned, pursing his lips slightly and drawing down the corners of his mouth. It was enough to make Hannibal ruffle his own hair in frustration. That was not a good sign at all. He could not afford to be ruffled in any way. Mistakes were made that way. Damage control. It was all just damage control from here. No matter. He could deal with the repercussions this afternoon, after Will was down for his nap.

And then there was the matter of Will. He had given him multiple bottles of water and cleaned him up as best as he could after their first sexual encounter with Will awake and mostly not drugged. After he had come down from subspace and had a good night's rest with Hannibal stroking his hair half the night, Will had woken and bolted like a startled colt in the morning. He hastily threw on his clothes, gathered his few possessions, and ran down the stairs to the foyer.

He slammed, rather forcefully, into the front door, which Hannibal had made sure was locked. As were all the rest of the doors and windows. Sweating and cursing, he yelled out Hannibal's name repeatedly, his voice getting quieter with each yell as he realized the futility of his situation. Hannibal had him trapped and was not going to let him go. Even when the chef came by mid-morning, as usual, Will could not open the door to him. And the ridiculous levels of soundproofing all over the house would not let anything short of the noise from a gunshot blast out of their sonic cocoon.

Slumped dejectedly against the front door after he had bloodied his fists pounding on it, he heard a faint pinging from the tablet in the kitchen. He raised himself awkwardly off the ground, wincing at what were probably bone bruises on his delicate hand bones, and what were definitely wounds still dripping the occasional drops of blood.

He shuffled into the kitchen and picked up the Zoom call. It was Hannibal, of course.

“William, how are you feeling? Have you had enough time to calm down?” Hannibal’s face even seemed to be expressing genuine concern but Will was not about to give him time and eye contact.

“Will, my name is Will, dammit,” he said firmly but quietly, not having the energy to fight much after what transpired last night and this morning’s failed escape attempt. But he was not giving up yet.

“Language, Will,” Hannibal automatically replied. “Rudeness is not tolerated in this house. Punishment will be the result.”

“Oh, yeah? What’s to stop me from calling the cops? Telling them that you are keeping me here against my will?” he blurted out, wondering to himself why he hadn’t done that already. Where did he shove his phone? And the house phone was right on the wall near the cabinets.

Hannibal sighed and folded his hands together, lacing them over his upper knee as he leaned forward in his chair towards the screen. “And what would you tell them, dear Will? That a tiny person is keeping a full-grown man hostage? That he has committed unspeakable acts upon your person for almost two weeks?”

Will actively flinched away from the screen then, his gaze landing off to the left and to the floor. His cheeks blazed with crimson at what he and Hannibal, check that, what Hannibal had done to him, last night. He rubbed his face with both of his hands and sighed. He couldn’t look Hannibal in the eye, even if they weren’t in the same room.

He was right. Will would sound like he was mentally ill and unstable, experiencing hallucinations at best and full-blown schizophrenia at worst. Paranoia gripped him. There was no one to come looking for him, now that his dad was dead. He realized that Hannibal had picked him precisely because he had no ties, would be easy to disappear with no-one caring. He let out a little shaky whimper of fear, hating himself for it immediately. He had next to no money left and barely enough gas in the truck to get to a station.

“Will, you will feel better if you stick to your routine. I told Philippe to leave your food in the lockbox in the garage.”

“You think I- you want me to wha-? How? Oh, right,” Will said in a bit of a dazed, distracted tone. “Remotely, like how you do everything: finding out I’m the most socially isolated and vulnerable house sitter in the city, new and desperate. Asking me about my family as a get-to-know you question. About the only things you’ve done up close and personal with me were things I can’t remember because you drugged me. Why, on God’s green Earth, would I be harbouring any resentment over that? You think that one good fuck while I am restrained and begging for it gives you the right-“ Will’s voice caught in his throat.

This was ridiculous. And then he felt himself getting hard, like clockwork, thinking of the details of ‘that one good fuck’. It was alternately the best and worst night of his short life. He hunched in on himself, telling his hindbrain and penis to stop collaborating and betraying

him. His face grew so red that he thought that the skin on his cheeks was going to burst and peel off in patches.

Hannibal's voice came confidently from the tablet's speakers, "That's my good boy," he praised.

Will's spine reacted and started to crawl. He wasn't sure if it was in pleasure or fear. His emotions were all jumbled up inside him. He was being kept by a tiny man. In a house. With gourmet food, good whiskey, amazing sex that he didn't even remember half of. He was a prisoner whose only chances of escape were to convince his captor to let him out of the house. Or strangle him the next time he was within grabbing distance. Will shuddered with even the thought of such a violent act, imagining it in such graphic detail that he started to heave slightly. No, Hannibal probably had the house wired to explode or something equally excessive if he didn't sign into the control system hourly or something.

"Can I get my coffee on the back deck now?" he asked, hopeful.

"I think that perhaps just having it inside with the casement window open would do for today. Don't you think, Will?"

Yes, Hannibal. Always the one to think through all the ramifications. Will clenched his fists by his sides briefly, before hanging up the call and starting the coffee.

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Chapter End Notes

I keep getting ideas. Did you all want me to continue this story?

Okay! Judging by kudos and a comment, I will. Just be patient. I spent half an hour trying to get OpenOffice to work while swearing like the sailor I used to be. I am now furiously typing and cutting and pasting items from my phone into a somewhat coherent whole. So many characters, so many threads . . . !

Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

This is Hannibal; simple happy endings are not allowed here.

The doppelgänger was originally from Romania and he takes Alana to meet his family, who are still in the small town in which he grew up. He is much more relaxed when he arrives in Bucharest and can speak his first language again, though he could seem to speak and be understood in whichever language he was addressed on the way there on their many layovers in different countries. She was impressed with his language skills, though that was not the only skill that his tongue had, her filthy little mind offered, her cheeks flushing at the thought. She had no complaints and just squeezed his hand harder on the seat between them in the taxi from the airport.

He even went out and bought an entire small wardrobe and suitcases of gifts for his family and their close neighbours. His taste in Romania is a little more gaudy and silly—he even buys a short-sleeve shirt with dogs all over it! She smiles, thinking about all the other facets she has yet to discover in her shining husband. Husband. She is not yet used to having one of those but as long as it is attached to Hannibal, she feels like she can get used to anything.

She asks why they call him Edmund and he says it is his Christian name and not on any of his official government documentation, just on his church christening baptismal certificate (church and state separated at the time he was born).

...

Alana and Emmie Edgerton are roommates. They live at the edge of a bad part of town, in an apartment block that is undergoing gentrification while the owner and his workers fix up the apartments one by one, having already had the utilities upgraded for the entire building. Alana and Emmie are in one of the ones that has not been completely upgraded yet, hence the serious break on their rent. It doesn't negate the noise and dust but neither of them expect to stay here forever; once upgraded, the rent will be too steep for Emmie, even with a roommate, and Alana intends on rising up the ranks of psychiatry as quickly as humanly possible, which would be accompanied by increases in income.

Their windows face the school across the street, overflowing with little kids and a flock of habited Catholic nuns, with the parish office and church on the next block over. To the right of their window, down the street on the next slowly gentrifying block, is Emmie's workplace, The Bleeding Heart Pub, a dive bar with an illustrative neon sign out front that lights up as soon as the school kids disperse. It stays on until the wee hours. It is the last of the older businesses and the “kids” from the nearby medical school (as her boss of an indeterminately

old age and gender calls them, chainsmoker that they are) like to go there for cheap beers and hard liquor to decompress after their long, long shifts.

That's how they met. Alana was being served by Emmie the first week she got into town for her psychiatric residency and she was complaining about her roommate in the dorm. Saying she was short on cash until her scholarship instalment came in next month, after paying ridiculous amounts for tuition, fees, and books. And then Emmie was telling her about her own cash flow shortage, as she had just lost her own roomie when he gave up “on the big city” and went back to his small town. Emmie offered Alana his vacated room, still with the furnishings, and that was that. Alana just about fell off her bar stool with gratitude, even coming behind the bar and giving the willowy blonde bartender a hug that she did not mind, smiles coming to both their faces. No, Emmie did not mind that hug at all, returning it with fervour.

It was early enough in the semester that Alana was able to get most of her money back from the dorm admin, a Cambodian Master's of Science student grateful to take her place and get cafeteria privileges. So it had all worked out in the end, with Alana taking the room and settling in while coping well with the rigors of residency. That they both often worked into the wee hours was definitely a plus—they often bonded over croissants that Alana would pick up fresh from one of the already-gentrified patisseries on her way home from the hospital. Emmie was grateful for the starchy and rich dessert pastry, and for the company. There was just something appealing about spending time with her.

They talked about many things, from art and religion and philosophy, to politics and specials at the bodega beside the school. It seemed a little odd to Alana that Emmie should be so knowledgeable about some of the more esoteric topics that they broached but she was just happy to have someone polite and intelligent to talk to outside of work and classes. The budding Dr. Bloom spoke often of her large family, all back where she was from. Alana was the family blacksheep, moving away to find freedom from prying eyes. Still, she kept in touch and Emmie often intercepted calls from her younger siblings and mom on the house phone when Alana was kept over-long due to a psych emergency.

She liked Alana's family, a lot. She didn't have a close relationship with her own, both her parents dead, but she didn't dwell on it. Alana didn't pry, just happy that Em was there to make sure her family didn't worry when she was late. Alana's own father had passed away while out of town on a business trip when she was twelve and she knew what it was like when someone just never returned home again. It was a closed casket funeral but that was the most Em ever heard about it.

Em felt lucky to be in Alana's presence. In fact, they even cuddled up on the couch sometimes to watch movies, wrapped together in a big soft throw over their fuzzy housecoats. Not even needing to conserve body heat, since the utilities were functioning well with the upgrades. Even the lighter and darker strands of their hair mixing together on the back of the couch. Em thought maybe there was a chance for more but never took that next step. And then Alana had met a consulting physician, Hannibal Lecter, at work. And Em knew then that she had missed her chance.

Despite her jealousy at first, she found him to be astute and charming and well-read. And she liked his taste in clothes, as daring as it was. And she sometimes spoke to him when Hannibal pinged his tablet that had taken up residency on their kitchen table, when he was looking for Alana. A very perceptive individual, he was, though, according to the staff at the hospital, he was quite a recluse. That made Em feel a little bit better, though his involvement in the Arts was concerning. She had her own secrets to keep and knew that a rich, handsome, psychiatrist socialite was not a safe person with which to be spending her time.

Speaking of, Alana and Hannibal were getting back from their honeymoon in Romania today and Em had said she'd meet them at the airport in a rented limo, Em's wedding gift to them after their elopement. Alana's family was livid about being denied a full-blown family wedding but they had promised to have a big party a month from now back in her hometown. Even Em was invited; they would all drive down the road four hours together. Em couldn't wait to meet the family, so unlike that one responsible for her own strained and painful upbringing. No matter—off to the airport to meet the limo driver and then the happy couple . . .

Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

And roommate Emmie is outed after the newlyweds return.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When they all got back to the apartment, just before 3pm, there was another fancy car parked out front of the building, so their limo driver, a one Matthew Brown, pulled the car over around the corner. They came in the back entrance and trooped up the steeply angled stairs. They passed through the plastic sheeting hanging on the second floor landing that kept the reno dust and noise to that level and opened their third floor apartment door. Alana and Hannibal retired quickly to her bedroom with their suitcases and they tipped Matthew and thanked him for his kind service driving them from the airport and helping with the bags up all those stairs. They were both beat from their trans-Atlantic flight and the realization that they had to come back down to earth and go back to work tomorrow evening was settling heavily onto their shoulders.

Em went to the kitchen window to get a little airflow through their apartment, gone stuffy with the sun in the window after lunchtime. She heaved up the sticky double-hung pane and looked out at the kids noisily spilling out from the school. She lingered in the cooler outside air and leaned her chin on her palms, elbows on the window sill. She glanced down at the fancy smooth and black roof of the car almost directly under their kitchen table window. Ice started forming in her face and quickly ran down her arms and neck and spine. It was Mason's car. Her brother had finally found her, after all this time. And there was nothing she could do but run.

...

Mason had just made a sizeable donation to the Catholic school across the street and was just watching the kids, all dressed in their cute uniforms, to pick one for his own purposes. He often gave tours of his farm and estate to the small city-dwellers and one laggard could always be found . . . .

Matthew had exited out the front door and noticed Mason Verger's car out front. He was used to all the rich and famous in Baltimore and often talked to other drivers. Frederick hated driving for Mason but his boss held something over him that he would never tell Matt when they were parked outside some gala together. Anyway, he tipped his hat to Frederick as he went by and Frederick gave him an eye flash, on duty with his overbearing boss but still wanting to acknowledge his friend.

Matt walked to the corner and disappeared, getting his own vehicle back to the parking garage, a huge old warehouse at the edge of the city. He had a rare Friday night off and he wasn't going to waste it.

Chapter End Notes

Please tell me there is a better way than copying ten lines of text per copy from an email when pasting into AO3 on my iPhone. I can’t get “select all“ to come up in my Gmail screen to paste whole chapters at once.

I need a solution before I just give up on pasting the really long chapter of smut! Assistance, anyone? Bueller??

Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Hell in a hand basket. Let's get all the green Jello back into the bowl, shall we?

Meanwhile, back at the house, the real tiny Hannibal was trying to manage many things at once. He was re-scheduling clients for next week, re-starting his practice in earnest, now that the newlyweds were back on the North American continent. Emails would have to suffice for now. Edmund and Alana were lying on the bed, exhausted, back from their whirlwind honeymoon in Romania, according to the supposedly humorous photograph posted by Alana. The photograph of them fully clothed, eyes closed, entitled “Wedded Bliss XXXOOO, my family! See you soon!”. What all that was regarding he would have to speak to Edmund about, and soon.

Will had noticed that his truck was missing from the driveway late this morning, as Hannibal had scheduled it to be sometime during the night, and Will had taken it less than well. He had ranted and raved and taken one of the skulls from the shelf in the dining room and threatened, in front of the camera there, to dash it to pieces against the beautifully finished surface of the dining room table.

Hannibal hated it when things were merely out of place: such wanton destruction of his property was not to be permitted. Will had already left his soiled socks on the settee in the room that housed Hannibal’s tiny house and the effect was still quite piquant, after Will's bloody rampage on the inside of the front door early yesterday morning. Will's eventual foray into the spare room to look out front of the house this morning, seeking the vehicle that he thought would be his future salvation, was the moment when he noticed that it was missing.

He was sulking with the whiskeys right now, having remembered that there were easier and less injurious ways to get back at Hannibal. He was not even tasting the fine amber liquors; Hannibal shuddered at the thought of their nuanced flavours being so mightily ignored, swilled so quickly past an impatient palate. He would have to punish Will for such a transgression.

Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

> Will gets drunk and disobedient. Hannibal's boy is no longer good. What a pickle they are in.

By the afternoon, Will has calmed down and remembers that there is a liquor cabinet's worth of expensive whiskeys. Ignoring the pings from Hannibal's multitudinous tablets, he proceeds to drink down at least one drink each directly from the mouths of quite a few of the bottles. It is his revenge for Hannibal's having taken advantage of him in his weakened state yesterday. Philippe's tasty foodstuffs had started rotting in the lockbox in the garage. Will hated to waste a few good meals but Will was no stranger to hunger. He had Hannibal's whiskeys. And he knew that it pissed Dr. H off to no end when he skipped meals. He thought and then said out loud to himself, now slightly tipsy with drink number seven or was it ten? "You pissy little controlling shit. Sir, my ass!"

Eventually, right around twilight, he passed out, half on the couch and half on the floor in the study. He wakes up some hours later, restrained on the floor face down, being vigorously fucked in the ass by Hannibal and his toy, his hips propped up by a number of luxurious throw pillows. In front of the life-sized Leda and the Swan painting in the dining room.

"How?" he mumbles out, wondering how Hannibal, in his tininess, managed to drag Will in from the study. How ironic, he thinks, as his body seizes and his breath stops during what seems to be his second jizz since passing out, judging by the wet spot already on the carpet underneath him. His orgasmic scream is drown in a loud glucking sound due to his head-down position. He takes a few breaths and is able to swallow properly in a minute, still panting through a dry throat.

"That's my good boy!" purrs Hannibal, much more enthusiastic in Will's in-person company than he was by tablet screen this morning. Hannibal has always been a more hands-on kind of person and he was in his element. Still in a three-piece suit, no less!

Will's deflating member starts perking up at Hannibal's words and Will hates himself immediately. Hazily, he remembers that he'd forgotten to masturbate this afternoon, because he was so pissed at his lack of ability to do anything about his situation all day. He'd wracked his brains but had not had the energy to think clearly about a plan. Now he knew, just knew, that the good doctor was not going to let him go without making up for lost time. At least two more orgasms for Will, if he was any judge. Whether Will was into it or not.

Sure enough, Hannibal shut off the toy and came around front to look him in the eye, with occasional glances up towards the painting. "Such a flush on your cheeks tonight, dear Will,

just like Leda above you. Shall we try again? I know you have it in you. You have done so well for me these past few weeks. So responsive, my good boy."

Will thrashes ineffectually, blush closing in on the crimson that Sir is aiming for, only managing to dislodge the toy for his efforts, as slicked up as it is. Whatever Hannibal is using, it must be seriously top shelf, like nothing else Will has ever experienced before. He grits his teeth and yells "Let me go, Dr. Lecter!" knowing he hates it when he calls him that.

Hannibal makes the tiniest tsking noise, tilts his head, staring inquiringly and probingly at Will's hardening gaze. "I had hoped this would not be necessary, William, but you give me no choice."

He leaves the room for a moment, practically running to get something from the kitchen. He returns with the same haste, something in a beige-y yellow fabric in his hands. With a drawstring at one side. Reaching back years to thoughts of his mother in their kitchen, he dimly realizes what it is: a large cheesecloth bag for straining soups and the like.

Will's entire body convulses as he tries to roll away from Hannibal. "You will NOT be putting that over my head!" Since being choked by a bully in grade school, Will has had absolutely no interest in breath play and has no interest in starting now.

Hannibal tsks again, louder this time, drops the improvised hood, and then goes around to Will's left side. He pulls lightly on the fine metal choke chain that Will discovers to be around his neck. Will thrashes more violently, almost dislodging himself from atop his small mountain of fancy pillows. Hannibal yells "William!" at the top of his lungs and yanks for all he is worth. Will starts choking in earnest, his already-crimson face starting to take on a purplish hue. "What have I said about obeying, boy?" he says, in a more relaxed but still firm tone.

Will, struggling to draw a breath and desperately needing oxygen from all his recent vigorous activity, lets out almost no sound at all. He flaps his elbows at this sides, his hands firmly held by the same professional-quality leather cuffs behind the small of his back. Hannibal lets the chain go ever so slightly.

Will quickly draws in a breath and manages to squeeze out a tiny word that sounds suspiciously like "Sir". Hannibal lets his boy have another breath or two before tightening the leash again, full strength. Will's whole body stiffens, still needing air in the worst way. Hannibal lets off a little again and Will gets out a quiet but still desperately hoarse "Obey, right away, Sir."

Hannibal relents and gives Will about thirty seconds to breathe as heavily as he wants. Then he sets the leather handle of Will's metal chain under one of the chair legs buried in the carpet nearby. It is just taut enough that it will pull if Will tries to go in any but one direction. Hannibal approaches him, from that same direction, with the hood again and asks, calmly, in his most seductive voice, "Now, Will, we will try this again. Lift your head off the floor slightly like a good boy."

Will flinches but obeys tout de suite, the hood slipping over his head until the drawstring passes his chin. He flinches again as Hannibal swiftly secures it around his neck. It obscures

Will's vision but does not interfere nearly as much with his breathing as even the slightly taut chain does. He calms slightly, still breathing hard, now drenched in his own fear sweat.

He hears more than sees Hannibal crinkling (crinkling? Will thinks. Did I miss something here?) towards Will's midsection. Then he realizes that Hannibal is going for his dick again and he tries to rear back, choking himself on the chain as he does. He finds himself again lacking oxygen, and goes back down onto his front. “Good boy!” Hannibal praises, petting down the side of Will's abdomen. Will is just worn out and more than a little dizzy, from the drink, the head down position, the lack of vision, and the intermittent lack of air. He flops more fully towards the carpet, unable to get his bearings.

All that there is left is the sound of Sir's voice and his touch. Hannibal now reaches for Will's penis and begins stroking it lightly, knowing he must not overwhelm his charge more than he already is in this moment. Will groans and begins to react, his foreskin slipping back obediently past the edge of his glans. Already somewhat slippery with lube from what he'd done to Will from behind, Hannibal's clear vinyl oversuit slips fairly well over Will's responding member. It may flex with a little noise but Hannibal has Will's full attention now and does not plan on relinquishing it until at least 9pm tonight.

He draws his arms around Will completely, joining his fingers in a clench on the far side. Will starts a little, getting used to the sensation of the suit for the first time while awake. Hannibal had used it before but not while he had been mostly awake. He leans into the large hardness, taking a taste every three strokes or so. Will starts making involuntary noises and he is stroked until completion this time, having come untouched twice from the toy already. His back arches up and he starts to choke again and starts to panic. Hannibal rushes to release the leather from the chair and Will quietens again. He loosens and removes the hood from Will and strokes his hair back from where new sweat has plastered it to his face all around. His lengthening locks please him. He says quietly while he strokes the hair and face that towers beside him. “That's my good boy, Will. You took so much for me tonight.“

Will whimpers an incoherent response, wilting into Hannibal's touch. Tears flow freely from his closed eyelashes, even thicker and darker with the moisture. He can't move a muscle while he tries to get enough air while dealing with the after effects of his third orgasm in an hour. Eventually, when a drowsy Will can at least open those beautiful blue red-rimmed eyes of his, Hannibal tears himself away and goes to the small bowl of now-tepid water and wrings out a washcloth to start cleaning the various fluids off his good boy.

Chapter 18

By about 10pm, Hannibal has Will unbound, fed, watered, showered, and back under the covers upstairs. Will feigns sleep, just to be done with Hannibal for the next few hours. He doesn't want to go to sleep and wake up in yet another of his Sir's tight spots. A break from the tiny man's imagination would be nice, just for a while, so Will can at least think for a bit.

He quietly barricades himself inside the master bedroom, all points of ingress by Hannibal stuffed tightly with tube socks and the door secured by the wooden-framed chair shoved under the door handle. Hannibal objects by calling Will's phone and pinging him on the bedroom tablet repeatedly. Will blocks Hannibal's number on his phone and turns the tablet's sound to mute.

Will spends the night in those red satin PJs of Hannibal's human-sized persona, the small chef's knife from the kitchen under his pillow, and the full-sized laundry container under the bed. No drugging or bondage tonight! He uses some of his precious private phone data and surfs to the Tattle Crime website, delivering an anonymous proposal directly to Freddie Lounds, the woman that runs the site. She is very interested in his offer. He laughs quietly to himself, almost hysterical with adrenaline and fatigue, knowing she will not believe his tale but he still remains hopeful of another possible way out of this mess. Kidnapping and holding someone against their will while you do THINGS to them and all their orifices is still a crime in this jurisdiction, whether the perpetrator is ten inches tall or not. Freddie Lounds will at least check into the good doctor, now that her attention has been piqued.

He eventually drifts off and dreams very sexual dreams of Hannibal, soaking the sheets with his sweat and come. Hannibal appears to him as a human man with small weird black sharp antlers on top of his head. And suddenly there are two of him, one large, one tiny! Oh, God, Will thinks, my sleeping brain went there. Yes, it most certainly did, he thought, lifting up the top sheet to see where the stickiness extended this time.

Almost unbidden, his hand then crept to the bedside table, where the lube and toy were still located, ready and waiting for him to use. So, he spends half the morning getting acquainted with how to fuck himself in the ass with the toy, to somewhat awkward and embarrassing effect. Even to the point of looking up "anal preparation" online, on Hannibal's tablet, of course. Hannibal tries texting him after that search engine query but Will still ignores him, sleepily and luxuriantly basking in his alone time. Now that he knew how good things could be, he would not give up this time and privacy to experiment. The damage that Hannibal did to the automatic door opener and the automatic locking device for the bedroom door last night seems to be permanent. Will grins despite his bone-crushing level of fatigue.

...

Hannibal begins to fret after his first half-night away from Will in two weeks. The situation cannot continue like this. Will's body misses the pets and his mind the praise but he fights it

down with orgasms of his own making. Hannibal emails Will and eventually Will sees them, made hour on hour, as Hannibal's patience snaps.

Around 2pm, already having had to cancel the cleaners for today, Hannibal starts a small contained fire in the upstairs hall. Will smells smoke, hears the alarms go off, realizes that the window will not open enough to let him out, and he panics. He quickly opens the bedroom door and sees a small paper fire in a medium-sized metal bowl on the carpet. The wool carpet is starting to smoke and Will quickly runs back to the master bath, soaks a hand towel, runs back, and throws it over the flaming mess.

The tablet from the guest bedroom pings quietly and Will runs to answer it, still not sure if the fire danger has completely passed, though the smoke alarm is now off, thank Christ. Hannibal's calm face stares out at him as he flops backwards down onto the guest bed, heart still feeling like it will hammer the inside of his ribs and his stomach to pieces. Holding the tablet screen above his face, "What?!" Will half yells, adrenaline and cortisol warring inside him for the umpteenth time in the last twenty-four hours. His hands are shaking and so the picture that Hannibal sees is not steady, not at all.

Hannibal studies Will for a moment, trying to compensate for the jarring effect of the shaking hands on his assessment. Will is off-kilter, upset, worried, exasperated, and a number of unknowable emotions. He is right where Hannibal wants him, careless and somewhat still obedient, judging by his quickness in putting out the fire and protecting Hannibal's property, before trying to escape out one of the doors again. "Will," he breathes out, "I need your help with something downstairs."

"Okay, okay, just let me make sure the fire is cool. Give me a minute." Will goes back to the hall, puts his now filthy hands all over the scorched items, and returns to the bedroom to pick up the headset that Hannibal got him last week. He always wants him to wear it when he is directing him around the house and grounds, twelve foot wooden fence notwithstanding. He pops it into his right ear and trots down to the first floor, hands still shaking on the railings as he asks Hannibal if he can hear him.

"Yes, thank you, Will. Can you go into the kitchen pantry, please?"

"Sure," Will pants, still out of breath. He makes it to the middle of the pantry floor, his right hand going up to the earpiece, wondering what food Hannibal wants him to deal with now. He barely notices the small snick as the release for the trapdoor lets go and drops him efficiently into the basement.

Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Meanwhile, back with the ladies . . .

Convinced that Mason is after her, Emmie, or Margot Verger, as it says on her first birth certificate, takes a bus out of town, under her assumed name and sporting a large floppy hat over her now-blackened hair. Understanding that Mason's henchmen could be looking at flights and definitely would have flagged her passport, pulling strings that even he would have had trouble locating, she was reassured when no one had loomed ominously, searching the crowds, at the bus terminal. Instead, she set off for Alana's home town, already knowing all her family by sight and by voice, intending on meeting them there for their big family celebration for their marriage in three weeks. She can say that Alana sent her on ahead to help with the preparations, by now knowing much about both halves of the happy couple.

She had sent a quick email to Alana, CC'd to Hannibal, and also to Alana's mom, Bettina, regarding an urgent issue she had to attend to out of town for a week. Margot was a survivor and was not without her own resources, carefully saved from her pitiful bar wages and better tips, especially from the more inebriated, and richer, male med students. But she didn't want Alana getting mixed up in things, her things, the ones having to do with Mason and the will.

The best thing she could do was just to ghost out of town and live cheaply, holed up somewhere, until a couple of weeks before the party with Alana's family. She'd lose her crappy job at The Bleeding Heart but what could one do? She finally relaxed when the bus pulled up in the next small town out of Baltimore, her head collapsing back onto the headrest of ill-repute that was attached, rather uncertainly, to the back of her seat. He would not bring her back this time. She eventually drifted off after the fifth small town, on the circuitous milk-run of a route that she had chosen. Time enough for fear later.

...

Alana and the Hannibal doppelgänger wake the next morning, puzzled to not find Em anywhere in the apartment until they check their emails. Reasonable yet surprising answer found, they spent the rest of the morning lazing about, drinking each other in, even dropping by that good patisserie on the way to the hospital's psychiatric ward. There, they parted to attend to their respective duties, still a little hazy with jet lag and oxytocin, not taking in the pointed stares, hidden smiles, and low whispers of the surrounding staff when they shared a rather lingering last kiss goodbye.

Chapter 20

Aside from slight scorching in the carpet😉, no lasting harm is done, unless you count Will's peace of mind. Hannibal is assessing the damage upstairs, calling and making arrangements with tradespeople from inside and outside of Baltimore. No point in attracting more local attention than necessary, he thinks to himself. It takes him much of the morning. Will's sedatives should be wearing off soon.

Would Hannibal burn the house down around them if he lost permanent access to Will? Perhaps he might but for now, he had many thoughts about what will make his boy more compliant. There are many instruments of persuasion in the basement, large and small. The glaring overhead lights, the smooth cement and gleaming stainless steel decorating theme, the three prominent and recently moistened floor drains, and the clear plastic ribbons separating the rooms, make for effective attitude adjusters in and of themselves, judging by that pesky neighbour's response. He made him sing notes that he had not even known he was capable of, before he had turned him into quite a number of delicious meals. Speaking of, his larder was getting a little low, since Will was no longer on the menu. "Though," Hannibal mused out loud, then, shaking his head. No, he wanted Will whole, at least for as long as he could have him. Accidents could happen but he was very good at stitches and staunching bleeding. He'd practiced, a lot, here and back over in school in Paris. And he had a number of contacts here that could discreetly handle anything he could not, for a price.

Hannibal got into the nearest elevator, the one at the front door closet, and went down to see how Will was keeping.

...

Edmund, Margot, and Alana all got probing emails from Hannibal that morning, him wondering how things had gone, couched in terms that would not arouse suspicion in any of the three. All dutifully replied within the hour. Alana, flushed with attention she thought was from her new husband only recently left on the other floor. Edmund, with a sense of duty that had significantly lessened since being king of the castle back in Romania with his new bride. And Margot, warily, wondering if Hannibal had had a hand in Mason showing up at her doorstep, like he had shown up at Hannibal's shared office at the hospital after he found out Margot had started seeking private treatment last year.

Hannibal had assured her that Mason would hear nothing that she told him. Margot had believed him. She had just about burst with curiosity when Alana had first brought Hannibal home to their apartment. He apparently had a little pied a terre close to the hospital, which was well-appointed enough when Alana had gone to visit it for the first time almost two weeks ago. They never mentioned their doctor-patient relationship at the apartment, nor in their online sessions. She thought it best to let sleeping dogs lie. Now she wondered just what in Hell was going on with those two, and her treatment, and Mason's unexpected appearance at the heart of her new life. She would see just how much rope to give Hannibal before he

hanged himself with it, if he did have anything at all to do with this new, less innocuous, development.

...

Will wakes in the basement, tired of feeling groggy from the dose of fast-acting sedative that Hannibal had jammed into his leg when he was shot mostly onto the stretcher in the basement from the curved metal slide under the pantry's trapdoor. Animal, he thought to himself, not wanting to betray his wakefulness to the room, in case the good doctor was nearby. He was getting tired of all this. He was exhausted, body, mind, and spirit. What more could he do to him?

Finally, after what seemed like hours of just the hum from what seemed to be a major freezer unit echoing around the basement, Will opened his eyes. He was strapped, firmly, to the padded stretcher, with medical, not kink, restraints. This made Will raise his eyebrows and his face upwards, where he was immediately blinded by the strong overhead ranks of screw-in fluorescent light bulbs.

Shaking some of his curls over his eyes and lifting his head, he looked around as best he could, arms, legs, chest, and ankle straps holding him so firmly in place that he could barely wiggle a digit. He saw two more smaller rooms off this one, separated from each other by double doors that were currently open. Another single door seemed to lead to a full-sized, stainless steel and concrete full bath. There was a tray of instruments next to his gurney, he assumed, full of medical instruments, as it was covered by one of those green fabric covers seen in hospitals. Near that was a small laundry hamper, which in turn was close to a small open space in the wall, looking suspiciously similar to the size of the dumbwaiter doors in the other two floors of the house. Well, that answers a few questions, he thought.

More disturbing were the tiny set of rolling stairs next to the wall near the dumbwaiter entrance, the remote-controlled ceiling hoist (which looked to Will's knowledgeable eye to have at least a 350 lbs capacity), and the heavy clear plastic strips at the entrance to each room. And, oh yeah, the large-capacity industrial floor drains in the middle of each floor, and the weighted nozzle that hung down from the ceiling, long enough to reach all areas of the basement. And the fact that that slight crinkling below the sheet that he was on was probably water resistant. He was in a kill room and he knew it. He started jerking as hard as he possibly could, rattling things sharply but no closer to escape.

Then a tablet on the second level of the instrument dolly pinged. Will waited. Hannibal, damn him all to Hell.

Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

And so it begins, again, this time with much, much less pleasure.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal has six-inch long versions of a pickaroon and an antique log handling peavey tool on his instrument table, just for the shock value alone. He uses them in the garden when they are not intimidating guests. Will does not have to know that little fact but he smells the tool handles, oiled up with boiled linseed oil, as Hannibal draws back the cover on the instruments, commenting that it smells familiar. Hannibal is impressed that Will recognizes the tools and the smell. He thinks of him as more valuable than ever.

Well, that explains all those weird little bruises I've been getting on my arms and legs! Hannibal's been using miniature log rolling tools to move my limbs while I've been asleep. Seriously, this man needs another hobby; he almost makes the mistake of laughing. Then he looks up at the industrial lift and chains above his gurney and experiences a whole body shiver. He is still not sure if he is going to make it out of this basement alive and the thought of the other alternative has the number of his breaths each minute start increasing for each of the next few minutes.

Hannibal, of course, immediately notices the change in his prisoner. Not patient, not captive, not lover. Down here, everyone who is not him is a prisoner and Hannibal is their jailor. Or he their serial killer and they his victim. He smiles and licks his lips as he neatly finishes folding back the green fabric top cover on the instrument tray.

The variety of items is slightly bewildering to the untrained eye. There are full-sized shiny metal medical instruments, miniature logging implements, small hand tools for working with metal and wood. One of Hannibal's favourites is a rasp for shaping wood rather roughly. It can quickly shred the surface of skin to a bloody mess.

He picks it up and turns it in his hands, leaving the bottom of it in contact with the fabric covering the metal tray underneath, the expression on his face thoughtful. Will's body jerks involuntarily and Hannibal is very glad he has restrained him so securely.

"Hannibal!" shouts Will, "You can't possibly—NO! —Don't!" Will has accidentally run a rasp over his knuckles before. The quarter-inch projections of metal had left his affected joints bloody and shredded in less than half a stroke. The kind of wounds that are hard to heal because they are so messy. He starts hyperventilating, which grows worse when Hannibal turns full to face him, pulling the tool with him, just that much closer to Will's face. Will

starts to cry and beg, messily leaking fluids while he searches through his panicked mind for ways to placate his captor.

Hannibal knows that three-quarters of torture's effectiveness lies in anticipation. The minds of the victims can often be more fertile than even an experienced torturer's. Hannibal has a tendency to get down to business flaying and chopping his mostly sedated or near-drained slaughter victims.

Scare them too much and it ruins the meat. And Hannibal is really not fond of a gamey flavour in his dishes. But he does not want to dine on Will anytime soon. This is just to make him more compliant, less likely to bolt when he gets the chance, and more aware of just what Hannibal is capable of doing. And what he has done in the past, judging by the equipment assembled in this rather stifling, enclosed space.

Will is almost incoherent with fear at this point, his head thrashing back and forth on the gurney, lifting jerkily to check on what Hannibal might do next. Hannibal needs his attention to be more focussed. He puts down the cool metal tool, wipes his hands of the slight bit of oil from it on the heavy cotton apron he wears over his vinyl murder suit, and walks to the corner of the tray closest to Will's face.

"Will!" he shouts, snapping his fingers close to the man's eyes and making their whistle signal with his lips and breath. Hearing at least the whistle, as the snapping of Hannibal's fingers is a tiny sound, Will shivers, stills, and turns a panicked, wide-eyed stare towards Hannibal's eyes. "Will, I am going to perform a procedure on you to make you more comfortable while you are in this room. Do you understand?"

Will's forehead wrinkled and two very deep lines formed between his brows. "What procedure? What are you going to do to me? Why? What—"

Hannibal cut him off and started stroking his satin-clad shoulder with one hand and forearm. "Will, listen to me. You will be here for a while. You will not be able to use the restroom, restrained as you are. Do you want to wet yourself?"

"What? Oh. Awww . . . Hannibal, what—" he gasped out.

No longer patient, Hannibal proceeds to gather the catheterization supplies from the second level of the supply cart, out of Will's line of sight. Will starts to tremble, violently, not understanding what is going on. Hannibal calmly straps a urine collection bag to the metal below the level of the pad on the gurney, running the tube back towards Will's genitals.

"Hannibal! No. I'll be good. Just let me go. I'll stay down here. I won't make any noise. I'll be your good boy again. Please. Hannibal? Just don't—"

Hannibal calmly continues, parting Will's now sweat-soaked pyjama bottoms' fly, removing his flaccid member, wrinkling his nose at the fear drenching Will's body and pouring out his pores. It is a scent with which Hannibal is familiar but one which he finds objectionable. Will is not the only one who is not enjoying this moment. He sighs but continues his work, ignoring Will's reactions.

Will jerks as much as he can but his restraints are firm. He stares down his body where Hannibal is doing things again without his consent. But these things are new and scary and he has no frame of reference, no pleasure to offset any qualms. He throws his head back onto the padding, trying to flex his chest upwards, even a little. He can't budge it. He feels helpless, hopeless. No one is looking for him.

No, wait! Freddie Lounds is looking, at least at Dr. Lecter! A thread of hope comes back to him. As long as he can survive until she comes to the house. He hopes, desperately, that she will make her inquiries with speed because he isn't sure how long he has left. No! He can't let himself think like that! Maybe Hannibal just wants to scare him. Another thread of hope twists around the first one. He doesn't yet know that Freddie has his scent, that she will be trying to contact him soon. Will clings to anything that he could hold over Hannibal's head. And then his mind starts clearing a little and begins to—

Hannibal moves clinically, getting more supplies from the second level of the tray, which is a trial, as he has to move the miniature rolling ladder over to the lower level of the cart and back again, looping the tubing and tape over his shoulders and arm, along with other supplies.

Will realizes that this isn't Hannibal's first rodeo. That he's probably performed this procedure on dozens of other humans. He is not sure if he finds this reassuring or more frightening. His gaze darts to the floor drain and to the overhead lift again and starts panicking more, just as Hannibal ascends to the very top of the ladder.

By this time, Will has almost wet himself out of fear. Hannibal puts the supplies down between Will's legs and soothingly strokes the thigh and hip closest to him. Will involuntarily closes his eyes for a moment, body responding to the gentle touches. God, he thinks, attention focussed on Hannibal and his hands again. I don't know what I'm doing here! How am I ever going to get out of this. He lets out a little whimpered "Please, Hannibal, just—"

Will's whole body jerks as Hannibal extracts Will's penis from Hannibal's smooth red satin pyjama bottoms. His eyes snap down his body to where the doctor continues to work on him, calmly, not a hair out of place, even as Will tries and fails yet again to move. The satin of the sleep pants feels hot and moist against Will's exposed and delicate skin. Hannibal's hands and the clear plastic of his murder suit are much more cool on his skin.

But Hannibal then gets back to the task at hand, competently and confidently threading the tube where it needs to go, over Will's verbal and non-verbal objections. Eventually he finishes, applying the last bit of tape to Will's skin and a small zap strap to the tube leading to the bag below, securing it to the tubular metal railings. Will feels himself let go and is actually somewhat relieved. He had worried that he might piss himself out of fear earlier in the hour but well, now that wasn't an option, either. He actually breathed out a small sigh of relief at both the thought and feeling.

"There, that's my good boy," said Hannibal in his domly purr. "Just relax for now."

Will let go some of the tension in his limbs as Hannibal strolled up the edge of the gurney towards Will's head. He even closed his eyes firmly for a bit, needing some relief from the glare of the fluorescent lights. Then he felt Hannibal's hands threading through his hair on the

right side of his head and leaned into them slightly, despite all that had just happened. He was exhausted.

Then the petting stopped and Hannibal was fastening the final restraint around Will's skull. He now realized the strokes were just a ruse to get him more compliant but by then Hannibal had it secured over his forehead and was tightening it rather roughly and firmly, down to the last notch on the buckle. Now Will could not move anything except his face, and hands and feet, from the wrist or ankle on downwards. He cursed himself as his kidneys' adrenal glands threw new shots of adrenaline down his spine. He was even more trapped now and Hannibal wanted to keep him here for God knew how long, pee bag and all! He cursed himself for falling for it and glared at Hannibal.

"You—"

"Yes, me. We are going to be here for a while, William, and I want you to be as comfortable as possible, considering the circumstances." At that, Hannibal started the laborious process of removing Will's glasses. Will flinched again and started to quietly weep as half his vision was removed from him. He just let the helplessness overwhelm him now, feeling his body give out. He couldn't even come up with the energy to shake anymore. He closed his eyes while Hannibal stroked his temple, pushing the hair back from his face, saying, "There's my good boy."

Chapter End Notes

I don't know about you but now MY nerves are well and truly jangled!

Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

More fun adventures of Sir and boy.

Hannibal sets about tidying up the instruments after that, putting the garbage from the catheterization into the laundry hamper and conveying it upstairs to the proper receptacles, where it will be dealt with by the cleaners on their next shift. Will's mind starts to drift, the brightness of the lights forcing him to keep his now dry salty eyelids shut against the glare. At least Hannibal had wiped his very messy nose for him before he had left, with a tissue gotten from the third tier of his well-stocked supply cart.

His mouth is dry from dehydration from last night's whiskey binge-drinking session, which seems to be the major cause of Will's rather-developed migraine. His ass is still slicked up from his own shenanigans from this morning, since he did not get to have a shower to clean up afterwards due to Hannibal's prank with the fire in the hallway.

Thank God, Will groans. He really, really did not want to have to find out what Hannibal would do if Will needed that kind of bedpan. The catheter became top of mind then. Will didn't find it that uncomfortable but it was still feeling really weird to have something shoved up his Johnson. Right about equal to having something shoved up his hoohaw but Hannibal had already let him experience that pleasure. So many firsts with Hannibal. This was starting to feel like a teenage relationship.

Right about then, Hannibal came back downstairs and started doing something in the fridge or freezer unit in one of the far rooms. Will opened his eyes but was quickly reminded that he couldn't turn his head anymore by the very tight strap on his head. This made him tense up again, the muscles in his abdomen below his diaphragm quivering with the effort.

Hannibal returned to Will's bedside, something in a very small rolling cart rattling along with him. He heard the clang as a metal pole dropped to the floor, followed by the swoosh of a soft bag of something following it. Then, the pole was picked up and he heard Hannibal grunting with effort as he attached it upright to the gurney near Will's shoulder. It had a twisty, curled top to it, like he had seen on medical shows.

Hannibal quickly retreated and came back into view, full IV bag hefted over his shoulder. With an odd block and tackle of tiny proportions, Hannibal hoisted the bag up to the correct height and used a technique that Will couldn't quite see to attach it to the pole.

"N-no-no!" Will began to whimper, thinking Hannibal meant to sedate him again. "Please! N-no more drugs, please. Hannibal!"

“William,” he said, addressing him formally, which was never good, “I am merely setting up a ‘banana bag’ of potassium to address the hangover you are currently experiencing. Your head is pounding right now, is it not?”

Will looked at him through eyes so bloodshot from numerous causes that it was hard to see any white anymore, saying “Yeah. Yeah it hurts really bad now,” losing his good grammar to his pain and fatigue. He closed his eyes briefly, to give them a little break while Hannibal ran a line into the back of his right hand. Soon, he felt the cool liquid start flowing into his veins and back up his arm to his heart. His headache and the tension in his neck improved a fair bit before Hannibal started cleaning up from this latest procedure. And the bag below his side started to quietly fill.

“You will need all your strength for what is to come, dear boy,” Hannibal told him soon after. Will shivered at the warning.

“Hannibal? Why am I here? Like this, I mean, in your murder basement?” Hannibal remained silent, finishing up his tasks. He left again, taking out the trash again, as near as Will could figure. And then Will was alone again, for what seemed like a very long time, with only his racing thoughts, the hum from the cold units, and the very bright lights to keep him company.

Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Honestly, I had wanted to write something about Freddie and the rest of the crew this chapter but things quietly got out of hand with the two main characters in the basement. (Thank Heavens for portable keyboards and BlueTooth for my phone or this would have taken much, much longer.) Enjoy!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal returns after yet another indeterminate length of time to check on Will. After turning the temperature down to a mere 18 degrees Celsius, he hops up the ladder and sees that the upper bag is empty and the lower one is full, taking care of them both while replacing the lower one.

“Good boy!” he tells Will. “How are you feeling now?”

“Okay,” replies Will, voice a little raspy because he hasn’t taken a drink for who knows how many hours. Hannibal notices and brings him a very small collapsable bag of water, helping him drink it down into his throat without spilling, Will politely thanking him with his now better-functioning tongue. Will discovers that it’s really quite hard to swallow while lying on his back with his head firmly restrained and so finds himself genuinely grateful for his help.

“Good. Now we can begin the next phase of your punishment. I will need you to stay perfectly still for this. We need to keep your skin intact.”

At this admission by Hannibal, Will, of course, tries again to head for the hills. It impresses him to no end that Will can vibrate the instruments on the tray just by the seeming power of thought alone, so firmly he is held by the padded leather straps. His big mongoose is just as ferocious as the little one! Hannibal gives Will quite a big grin, actually showing teeth before turning and heading towards the instrument tray.

Just like he had just shown Will his pointy teeth, he turns around and then shows him the thin, detached blade of a scalpel that is padded for Hannibal’s comfort on the tang end. Will’s movement at first increases and then stops altogether as he realizes that Hannibal has not ceased to get closer, even with all Will’s movement. His eyes widen and his eyebrows try to make friends with the hairline at the top of his forehead.

And then, Hannibal disappears into Will’s clothes, still clutching the sharp object and emitting what Will is somewhat certain was a series of giggles. He tries not to even breathe as the blade starts to pierce through the PJ top, coming from the chest strap towards Will’s throat, at first tenting then parting the crimson fabric like the menacing fin of a metal shark.

“That’s my good boy!” Hannibal delights at Will, emerging from the shorn halves of satin, near Will’s right clavicle. Will is terrified of the grinning tiny man slowly and carefully cutting the clothes free from his torso and arms, disappearing and reappearing with such regularity that it astounds him. He manages not to flinch until the red satin top is completely gone and tossed carelessly over the edge of the stretcher.

Managing until Hannibal enters his left pant leg and quickly advances towards his groin, stopped only momentarily by the obstacle presented by the thigh strap. “Hannibal! Hannibal! Please! Stop!” Hannibal does not reply until he is at the apex of Will’s thighs, inside the legs of the PJ bottoms where they join onto the rear seam. Slipping slightly on the lubricant still leaking from betwixt Will’s lower cheeks. Will screams out Hannibal’s name so loudly and constantly that his ears ring until Will can just barely see Hannibal’s head pop up near his waistband. Which gives way with a rather satisfying ripping sound.

Even as cold as Will has become, sweat rises to his surface and leaks out and pools anywhere he has hair. Hannibal does the same to both legs, bit by bit between the wide straps, sometimes having to cut his way into a section before disappearing to rip from the inside. Soon, Will is buck naked (except for the resilient leather straps) and shivering from the cold and the stress hormones. Then Hannibal disappears off the gurney entirely, after replacing the well-used blade on the cloth-covered tray.

Will hears sweeping sounds as Hannibal gathers all the remnants and puts them in the bathtub, clunking closed the built-in metal stopper. Then he hears the sound of a liquid being poured, and then a rather disturbing hissing noise. Then there is the sound of the efficient bathroom fan running for many minutes. It shuts off as the last of the liquid drains and then Hannibal briefly turns on the shower, washing the last of whatever it was down the drain.

Will wracks his brain, trying to understand what just happened to the—oh. Will whimpers slightly, understanding that his outfit was just destroyed by some of the most potent acid that he has ever heard in action. Much quicker and more thorough than the high school sulphuric acid that Will had access to way back when.

“Oh, my good boy. You just figured it out, did you not?” comes Hannibal’s pleased voice from near the floor. Will startles, not realizing that Hannibal had come back so quickly and quietly.

Hannibal reappears back on the gurney near Will’s right side, where he can just make eye contact. Cutting the clothes off of Will was meant to keep him humble and the destruction of his outfit was to let him know just how this basement has been and continues to be, run.

Hannibal then recalls that Will was still leaking from his private time antics. Ah, he thinks to himself, I have just the thing for this very situation. He has always wanted to go “pink spelunking” like his larger classmates had during their training and this is the perfect opportunity. But Hannibal gets to have the full-body version that they never can. He wanders down to between Will’s thighs, checking what his feet had discovered just an hour ago, testing Will’s rim with his hands. Feeling it give even though Will is quite chilled and calling out Hannibal’s name rather querulously at the unexpected rear guard attention, he wipes his hands on Will’s inner thigh.

He scurries across the top of Will's thigh and over to the still-uncovered instrument table, selecting the vaginal speculum and then ducking to the second level to pick up some lubricant. It will not take much extra, if my assessment is correct, he thinks, very pleased. His curiosity surrounds Will, concerns every part of him. He barely registers Will starting to shiver from the cold. Or his concerned words, asking just what Hannibal is planning to do with that "rather large chunk of metal with the ratchet". Hannibal is too focussed on his goal to care at this point. Will still makes a feeble attempt to escape but is still stymied by the restraints. His worry spikes as Hannibal comes to rest between his restrained-apart thighs with his unknown metal implement.

"Will?" Hannibal's voice pipes up from between Will's legs.

"Yes H-Hannibal?'

"I will need you to relax. Can you be a good boy for your Sir and do that for me?"

"I will try but I am so cold now," he says, shivering a little from the lack of heat, and the lack of a stitch of clothing.

"You need to do more than try, William," his voice taking on that harder edge.

Will is starting to get scared now, so he quickly replies, knowing that Hannibal is not in the mood for disobedience, ever again. "Yes, Sir! Right away, Sir!" he squeaks out, knowing that Hannibal is holding all the cards at moment and bluffing is no longer allowed. He just wishes that he weren't also in possession of a tray of scary, mostly metal objects, stored right next to Will's head.

Hannibal lubricates the rim of Will's anus carefully, stroking it until he feels it give more than he had before. "Good boy," he says firmly, hearing and almost feeling Will's strained and whimpered reply. He really is doing his best but he fears what will happen next. Hannibal liberally coats outside of the tool with more lubricant, inserting its curved metal mouth carefully inside the first inner part of Will. Will makes a startled noise but stills, really, really trying to obey and not to clench down on the chilly metal. At this angle, insertion is difficult but they persevere, together. Will trying to relax and Hannibal stroking him outside to help things along.

Once it has been inserted fully into Will, he lets the poor man take some time to get used to the stretch. And then he pops his head up to where Will can barely see him and politely asks him, "Can you be good for your Sir, boy, take more for your Sir?"

Will's head is spinning at this point, being filled awkwardly behind and with the catheter still inside his slightly filling penis. He blinks slowly for a second and then quickly gets out "Yes, Sir! Whatever you need, Sir." Then he returns his gaze back up to the ceiling and closes his eyes, concentrating on relaxing as he thinks he understands what is coming next.

Hannibal starts to slowly open the speculum, easing Will open, apply more lubricant to his rim and as far in around it as he can reach. Widen, lubricate, and again, and again, until the tool is open as far as it can go. Will is sweating despite the cool, and he is half-hard, despite the catheter, which is definitely bordering on pain at this point. Hannibal pops up and attracts

his gaze again, purring another good boy at him. Then he disappears between the lower cheeks again.

This time, Will feels the metal tool get heavier, starting at his rim and evening out in weight as the heaviness goes towards his innermost self. He realizes with a jolt that Hannibal is inside the tool now, inside him! He is not sure how to feel about that, not at all. He lets out a soft “Hannibal?” and nothing happens for a brief while.

And then he feels it. Hannibal is stroking him and probably licking him from the inside! He tries desperately to squirm but can’t, thinks of yelling but is afraid of doing something wrong and accidentally killing or maiming his captor, which will leave him in more dire straits than he already is now. He closes his eyes tightly and starts to mumble to himself, trying to keep calm while Hannibal is having a gay old time getting to know Will in the most intimate way possible.

Minutes pass but there is no end to the tiny strokes. Just when he thinks that he can handle no more, he feels Hannibal slip carefully out the back of the speculum. He nearly passes out with relief.

“Will?”

“Yes, Hannibal, I mean, Sir?”

“That’s my good boy.” Will lets out a breath and draws in quite a number of its fellows behind it, letting out a huge breath of relief. Hannibal begins to slowly turn the handle on the tool and Will feels the pressure on his insides release. Hannibal then starts to withdraw the instrument, working Will’s rim with more lubricant and giving him verbal encouragement.

When it is all over, Hannibal gives Will a final, almost perky “good boy!”, slicking back his own very mussed hair with one hand, and hefts the tool onto his shoulder, making his way back to the ladder and down to the nozzle to clean it off. He returns it, spick and span, to the instrument tray. He goes over and sits on the centre of Will’s chest, making a lot of eye contact that Will cannot help but return. This was some intense shit and he isn’t entirely certain how he feels about it.

Hannibal breaks the silence, asking “Do you have a question for me, Will?”

Will, finally understanding that he has not been asking the right question, asks the correct question: “Why me, Hannibal?” He immediately turns his body to squarely face Will, focussing his whole attention on him for the first time in quite a while, waiting for his good boy to finish.

“What did I do to deserve this level of attention, scrutiny, agony, ecstasy?”

“You are very interesting to me, Will.” He presses and after he catches Hannibal scenting him repeatedly, he also gets, “And your scent is divine.” And finally, “Because I am curious about what you will do next. Will, you are the most unpredictable person I have ever met, human or tiny.”

Will objects, saying “But I’m weird and nobody likes me. Why do you?”

Hannibal pauses before replying: “It’s good to be weird. And I like you. What more do you need?”

What Hannibal does not say is that it is because Will sees Hannibal, and what he is, and doesn’t flinch away. He just tries to cope. He listens to Hannibal and responds honestly, a rarity almost unique in Hannibal’s entire lifetime.

All out of fresh quips, there is nothing that Will can think of to say in reply, so he just remains silent. At this point, Hannibal takes a tiny syringe and injects Will in the arm. As Will’s mind starts to swim and his awareness dims, the light shuts off for the first time in what seems like days, and Will surrenders to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Good golly, Molly! That’s a lot of hits, kudos, and subscriptions. Thank you all so much! 🤗❤️😊

(375, 13, 8– 27/08/20)

Please note:
Sadly, I seem to be rather ill. I have had to take the entire week off from everything, even most things around the house. W&H, Freddie and Margot, are all still top of mind though, wandering through my addled brain. I hope to work on my laptop again by the weekend. Cross your fingers that I am well enough to type more by then. Ta.

Heavens to Betsy, that’s a lot of hits! Thank you so much, folks!

Just printed a full copy of the existing chapters and my notes—still need to re-read everything again, type in the handwritten notes, and figure out what happens next. Still working on it, slowly. (600 on Dec. 11/20)

Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Freddie et al

The intensity of Freddie's gaze as she stares at the computer screen is immense. The more she looks into a one Dr. Hannibal Lecter, the more fascinating he becomes. Graduating top of his class from a medical school in a late-late-late Post-War Paris, his part-time job was in the attached morgue, making sketches for medical textbooks, a few of which are considered classics of medical illustration. Switching from surgery almost immediately to psychiatry before leaving the City of Light, he immigrated to America, settling first in New York City, then finally ending his travels in Baltimore. Known for his ties to Danish aristocracy, his love for and patronage of the Arts, and for his reclusiveness, he seems to have made a uniformly good impression in the city.

At least in public, she muses. A Will R. (Richard) Graham begs to differ. Enter a drifter whose father passed away last year in a charitable hospital for cancer patients in a nameless Southern town, dead of liver cancer at fifty-three. Will Graham is alone in the world, with no remaining close relatives. According to Will's recently put up Baltimore website, he is a house and pet sitter, doing a seemingly booming business since the pandemic hit. Good reviews from previous clients are multiple and seem genuine.

She smiles, thinking of how much her own website has been boosted since things all got turned on their heads. People with more time on their hands than sense in their heads, and access to high-speed home internet, have made her ad revenues shoot through the roof. And the situation has made certain crimes increase substantially, with innocent victims found in more and more desperate circumstances trying to make a living in more dangerous ways, taken advantage of by predators bloated with opportunity.

Back to the situation at hand. If Mr. Graham's story is true, Dr. Lecter is quite a piece of work. It takes some doing but she discovers where he works, which hospital and also which service he uses to see clients securely online, a very popular option at this point, especially for a wealthy client base, which he surely has, judging by the outrageously expensive-looking tailored suits that he wears in all his pictures. Paisley and plaid in the same ensemble. She admires his flair, as it jives with her own outrageous sense of style and masses of deep red hair. If he were a professor, he would be the one that could wear five shades of green with a bowtie and still make it work. She'd seen the type before and admired them from afar. They made for wonderful headlines when they did very, very bad things.

She eventually finds out that he has a small apartment near the hospital in Baltimore, and a large house with a sizeable lot that backs onto a woodlot that extends to a ravine a slight way

away, set in one of the toniest neighbourhoods in the city. Perfect cover for people who are up to no good.

She is surprised to see that there are no vehicles or mortgages registered in his name. He doesn't even seem to have a driver's license. Curious, she thinks. Kidnapper and rapist without a car? How could that be? He has no criminal record, in this country or in France or Denmark, no history of sexual impropriety. Though, if his victims were male, they may not have come forward, especially in the past, due to stigma. How would he transport his victims? Mind you, the Graham man is a house sitter, so that would be an easy way to acquire someone, home delivery on demand, as it were.

...

Freddie is intrigued, making her first in-person inquiries at the hospital, disguised as yet another working orderly, flaming red hair tucked discretely away under a fabric surgical cap. Freddie is skilled at gaining access, anywhere, even during a pandemic. She has her ways, and her feminine wiles, at least until men, and the occasional woman, get to know her.

The few people who have met the consulting physician are more than willing to speak about Hannibal, as he is all the willing subject of gossip surrounding his recent elopement with a new psych resident doctor, a one Dr. Alana Bloom. Staffers even tell tales of their kisses and clinches in the hallways since their hasty wedding at city hall. The honeymoon was apparently in Europe, with his family in a small town near Bucharest. Romania? She thinks it odd, since all other arrows pointed to France and Denmark, with no mention of the Eastern European country at all. Odd. Another wrinkle in the fabric that is Lecter.

She then sets out to investigate his properties, setting up scattered dates and times at which to take a little look-see. What she finds is also odd. Alana and Hannibal are often found at his small apartment but there is never a vehicle outside his house. And the twelve-foot new (last year, according to one observant neighbour) wooden fence is unprecedented in her experience of single family dwellings. Who needs a fence high enough to keep bison inside? A kidnapper with a need for privacy, perhaps? In her investigation from the ravine side of the back fence, she finds that there is little space in-between even the boards themselves.

...

Edmund finds himself somewhat distracted from his new wife by reports from staff that a red-headed woman has been at the hospital asking about him, and then Alana. No one must be able to hurt Alana, now that he has made her his. He even has official government documents to that effect and plans on never letting her go. He must find out who this suspicious new woman is.

...

He eventually notices a woman with long, red curling tresses, hanging around in her car outside his apartment building. Her hair, in a word, is loud. This brings him up short and he does not let her see him noticing her. This is not good. He decides to tell Hannibal. He could easily take out the woman himself but wants a second opinion, as he is not sure what ties she has and why she is surveilling him. He quickly slips up the front way to his place, pinging

Hannibal from the ever-present tablet on the table. It is there so that they can stay in touch more easily, though now with Alana in the picture, Hannibal sends him a return text first to make sure the coast is clear at the apartment.

Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

Flash forward just a wee bit. . . .

The happy couple were in a clinch on the dance floor, so close you couldn't put a piece of paper between them. The DJ had chosen a few ballads in a row when she noticed the newlyweds getting more handsy as the alcohol and fatigue overcame them, wanting to ensue a good wedding night.

"Wanna fuck?" said Edmund, his soft lips near Alana's ear, in a voice low enough not to carry but loud enough that Alana could hear him loud and clear.

Alana blushed crimson and that's all the yes that he needed before throwing her over his shoulder and toting her back to her bridal suite. Cheers erupted from the crowd, along with a few knowing wolf whistles. Alana blushed an even darker red in embarrassment and grinned like an upside down Cheshire cat as she dangled down his back.

~+~

Margot had been macking on him all night, between her elegant poses for the many photos of the wedding party, and making eyes at him from the head table. He admits to himself that he'd taken more than one extra shot of her during the day and evening.

She had ended up as Alana's Maid of Honour, doing her duty getting things ready for the wedding with the help of Alana's family. Even on such short notice, Margot's event planning and executing skills from years of fundraisers did not go amiss.

And she quickly became a favourite of Alana's Mom, Bettina. They already knew each other from the numerous phone and tablet calls and video sessions when Alana was late coming home from her shifts at the hospital and study sessions at the medical library. But polite conversations had turned from niceties to indepth conversations at some point, even delving into Margot's feelings about being parentless and Bettina's about being a widow. They found that they got along like a house on fire.

Alana was pleased to see that it was so, in between attentions from her new beau. Margot still felt a twinge of regret here and there for not having at least asked Alana out but she was swept along into a truly happy family wedding and she did not mind it, not at all. Sure, Bettina was still pretty pissed at missing the actual original nuptials but she had come to terms with it enough to be civil, eventually going back to her usual loving parental self. It

was her first child to get married and that of her eldest. Not a penny was spared on the pomp and circumstance! Margot was in her element, surrounded by satin and bows and flowers. The only thing that she thought would have been better was to hold an equestrian wedding but that was her own personal preference.

And the family did not spare any of the ribbing on why Alana and Edmund couldn't wait for a proper ceremony. Edmund had so many elbows poked into his ribs, accompanied by knowing with grins, by Alana's younger brothers that he was wondering if it were a kind of American way of covertly attacking a new groom. He fortunately did not take it personally, and everyone survived the wedding weekend intact. He even found that Alana's youngest brother, Adam, began to kind of grow on him, with his stiff and curious ways. Out of her whole family, he did seem to like the quiet boy the best. Maybe Darko could find a job for him back home when he needed to leave the nest? He would see.

~+~

Their original photographer and Alana's childhood friend, Freddie Lounds, had to cancel at the last minute due to a family emergency but had agreed to let Hannibal's young friend, Will Graham, use her digital photographic equipment. Even if he messed up entirely, they still had the professional videographer, Beverley Katz, to do the wedding video. She and her two assistants, Jimmy Price and Brian Zeller, were all students studying to get into FBI forensics. They made a great team and had glowing online reviews. One of Alana's cousins knew Zeller pretty well from high school and he came highly recommended.

Soon, Will and Beverley were joking and getting along well, with him even coming to her or her team to ask questions if he couldn't figure out how to use a setting on one of the cameras. Will was a quick study with the mechanical but the electrical and electronic stuff left him a bit flummoxed at times.

Still, his time and experience with boat motors did not go to waste, especially when the lighted water fountain outside that they had chosen as a backdrop for some of the wedding party photos quit suddenly halfway through. He didn't mind messing up his clothes a bit, even if Hannibal, in one of the camera bags, seethed quietly as his Will's clothes got a bit of grease on them. Will saw no harm in it, as he wasn't the one who needed to be in the pics.

Besides, all the staff and crew had a quick, timer-taken shot with him and the bride and groom before the festivities, so Hannibal still had that to ogle later. Will's eyebrow quirked up as he thought of that; Hannibal would indeed drink that one in, if he said so himself. Probably the fanciest Will had ever been dressed in his life and Hannibal and Edmund had even helped him slick back his hair into some semblance of order. He thought they'd all done a pretty good job on him, with even Alana giving him the eye a bit after, with a giggle and a grin of course, while clinging to her new husband's side.

They had dispensed with the "can't see the bride before the wedding" nonsense. Elopement left no illusions for anyone. And neither did the newlyweds' clinginess, either, joined at the hip as they were. They were lucky to get them apart long enough to walk down the aisle separately, at the rate they were going. But the family did manage to pry them apart sometime before the ceremony, enough to get them dressed and then for Alana to walk down the aisle

in her light cream-coloured gown, on her mother's arm alone. There were some tears that it could not have been her dad and mom but tissues were dispensed and used and they got through it. And by the time they did get to the altar, it was all smiles again.

~+~

Will had just been sharing a laugh with one of Alana's sisters when he'd gotten up to go get another drink. He was having such a good time that he didn't notice someone behind him when he turned to go towards the bar.

He ended up knocking shoulders with a gorgeous member of the wedding party, Margot, wasn't it? The Maid of Honour, if his tipsy brain could still pull the information to the fore.

"Margot, isn't it?" he grinned as he asked her, his giggles at the table still with him. His face was still split into a wide grin as he addressed her.

"Yes," she said, looking him in his slightly sleepy, stormy blue eyes. She thought of Alana's blues and her face softened at the memory.

He caught that softening and looked back into her own clear blue eyes. His gaze dipped to her red, red lips and caught the little wistful smile on them.

Then she surprised him and clicked her fancy creamy silk purse open and retrieved a soft white cotton handkerchief out of it. He startled and closed his open mouth as she grasped his other shoulder slightly and poked the slip of fabric towards his face.

"You missed a spot of grease from fixing the fountain earlier," she murmured, swiping gently at his left cheek. He just stood there, dumbfounded, inhaling her understated perfume while staring at her eyes.

He'd never been so close to a grown woman before. He had always been the new kid and high school was a train wreck for him. He's never been with a girl or a boy before Hannibal, and not a full-sized man until Edmund. Even if she'd not been trying to cast a spell, he was already caught in hers.

"Oh," he whispered as she drew back, looking at the now-black spot on her dainty bit of fabric. "If we don't get that out right away, you'll never get it gone" he said, a little louder. "The shampoo in the bathrooms here might do the trick." He'd been taking motor grease and oil out of his and his Dad's clothes since he was little; consequently, there was a resulting urgency in his voice. His brows drew together in concern. Since the whole wedding party and family was staying at the swanky, cottage-suited hotel, he first thought of his room. But it was pretty far away.

"My room is just on the other side, right over there," she murmured, waving a hand vaguely across the dance floor while she drank in his blue eyes. He immediately broke their eye contact, looking quickly down and blushing a rather fetching pink. It reminded her immediately of the pink that could colour Alana's porcelain skin. Thinking quickly, she

grabbed his closest arm at the elbow and dragged him in that general direction. He did not have to be strongly hinted at twice and followed her like a slightly tipsy puppy, curls coming finally and completely undone from all that hair gel.

Hannibal, forgotten in his camera bag under the table, was seething with jealousy and concern for -his- boy. Sharing him with Edmund at the hospital was one thing but Margot was another thing, entirely. Margot was being too clever for her own good. Perhaps his influence was finally going to bite him back . . .

~+~

By the time Margot was swiping her keycard on her cottage suite's card reader, Will was having a hard time hiding his stiffy in the fabric folds in the front of his loose dress pants. He was trying not to pant too loudly as well.

As she ushered him in over the threshold, she placed a hand softly on his lower back. That did not help his situation at all and he went immediately to sit down on the bed, as the suite was small, even lacking a chair. She shut the door quietly behind them and was pleased to see that her plan was unfolding as she had hoped. If she could just focus on those blue eyes and think of Alana, she could do this, she thought.

His eyes were going everywhere but on her but she took that as a challenge. She put her purse on the white painted dresser, under the large round mirror at its back. The soiled fabric that she'd had clutched tightly in her other hand was tossed to one side, Will's eyes immediately following it.

"But, wha-" he said, looking up at her eyes again. She was so pretty that he was enraptured. He'd completely forgotten about his discomfort at his erection, focusing instead on how quickly she made it to the bed, straddling his warm thighs, her knees settling on either side. It placed her breasts against his chest and Will just lost it at that point. He closed his eyes, not thinking about Hannibal or Edmund or even his own brain or awkwardness. There was just -her- and her warm perfume, the night's coolness still clinging to the smooth fabric covering her erect nipples, pressing their way into the clothes covering his chest. He was sure now that she wasn't wearing a real bra with that outfit.

Her narrow hands and fingers were perched on his shoulders, pressing into his clavicles and the pads on his suit jacket. Hannibal had put him into a grey pinstripe suit and Will thought that might have been the only thing attracting this gorgeous woman to him. But all he could think of was getting it all off of him and getting her closer.

He opened his eyes and fumbled open the front of his smooth jacket. She released her grip on him to help but moved her fingers to run them through the curls on the back of his head, thinking of how Alana's wider waves might have felt in their stead. She could feel his erection growing where it sat between her legs and thought of how wet Alana could have been. Will was slowly coming undone, his mouth hanging open as he gazed up at Margot's outstretched neck above him, as he struggled to blindly undo his cufflinks and buttons while he worshipped.

When she opened her eyes again and came back to herself, she helped him get the white shirt down off his shoulders, trapping his upper arms halfway with the sleeves. A man bound excited her more and made her feel safer; Will did not object to this treatment by the radiant goddess above him. He knew his place in these kinds of situations, his recent trainings taking hold. He let her lead wherever she wanted to go. And go she did.

She reached behind herself and undid the zipper on the lined satin bodice of her dress, slipping the tiny straps slowly from her shoulders. He watched, enraptured, unconsciously snuggling his hips closer into her spread thighs. His brows rose as he took in all the scars, large and small, all over her breasts and torso. She spread open the front of his shirt and found that he also had some of his own. Her eyes lifted to his and her mouth firmed in a silent confirmation that neither of them had been marked in an innocent or in any consensual way; his erection softened a bit at that shared realization.

She pushed him back, flat onto the bed, and he went, following her lead. She scooched her knees forward to straddle his chest, nudging his arms away from his sides, widening her stance. She pushed her pelvis forward and he could smell her wetness. He'd seen videos but had not thought he'd ever get a chance to experience this for himself.

She reached below her hiked up skirts and pulled her satin undies halfway down her thighs, exposing the most intimate part of herself to him. He did not hesitate, burying his lips and tongue into her, licking and sucking and doing whatever he could to make her twitch and moan and writhe. And so she did, letting herself go, clutching at his curls, pushing his face into her while she thought of who else it could be between her thighs. She revelled in the power over a man while imagining doing the same thing to Alana, letting her drip her honey into her own mouth, drenching her own face in her juices. When he regained enough thought to gently probe her moist folds with his fingers, she threw her head back and gasped, clenching herself around his two fingers until she came and came and came.

She collapsed sideways afterwards onto the bed and lay panting beside him, a very large smile on her face. He gathered himself up to lie beside her on the coverlet, wiping his face off inelegantly on his still-sleeved forearm.

"Was that okay?" he asked her, in a slightly tremulous whisper, looking at her while she lay on the bed, her eyes wide and fixed on the ceiling.

"Okay?" she gasped, eyes slowly tracking back to his own. "Okay?" she said again.

"Yeah," he said, pushing at his erection with an errant palm. "Did I do good?"

"Oh, puppy! Any woman, or man, for that matter, would be lucky to have you! You have a long and happy sex life ahead of you. Speaking of which . . . " she continued, trailing a hand down a scar to the waistband of his pants. "We are far from done here. Take those off now, would you? You look about ready for it."

Will smiled a bashful and awkward smile and blushed that pink that reminded her so much of Alana. She groaned and sat up while Will shucked off his shoes, socks, pants and underwear. He was just about to remove his dress shirt the rest of the way when she stopped him, murmuring, "I like it just where it is."

She lay him back down over the bed again, straddling his thighs and his now engorged member. She rubbed herself up and down over it, as he felt himself stiffen fully again and start to leak from his slit at the top.

“Shouldn’t we, I mean, don’t we need . . . ?” he trailed off uncertainly, thinking of the safe sex class in high school that he never thought he’d need. The closest he’d gotten to people then was feeling the physical effects of bullying and this was not that, he was certain.

“That’s okay,” she replied, “I’m good with whatever you might want to give me.”

Will’s brows drew together for a second after that, not quite understanding what was going on there. But, between his fatigue, the alcohol, and her starting to rub herself up and down his hardening length again, he couldn’t find it in himself to ask. And when she took his slicked length and pushed it inside of herself, he forgot about everything, just everything, and everyone, else.

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